

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

VOL. I.--NO. 12.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

Price, Six Cents.

The Prayer of the Motherless.

Virgin Mother! hear my cry,
From thy starry throne on high;
Let thine angel tenderness
Shield me, for I'm motherless!

By my earthly mother left,
Of her gentle care bereft,
In thy love I seek for rest,
Peace within thy sacred breast.
Thou hast known the bitter woe
Of our woman's lot below—
Thou hast felt the pangs that dwell
In her heart who loveth well.
Marry, Mother! hear my cry,
From thy starry throne on high;
List my breaking heart's low wail,
Let its earnest prayer prevail.

By my fair young mother's love—
Now a saint with thee above—
By her intercessions mild
For her wretched, wayward child,
By thine own dark womanhood,
By the overwhelming flood
Of thy bosom's agony
On the Mount of Calvary—
Marry, Mother! hear my cry,
From thy starry throne on high;
List my breaking heart's low wail,
Let its pleading prayer prevail.

Give me light—I go astray!
Guide me in my devious way,
Give me strength—my own doth fail—
Give me strength that shall avail;
Give me peace—a wild unrest
Dwells within my troubled breast;
Give me freedom—loose my soul
From its earthly love's control.

Marry, Mother! hear my cry,
From thy starry throne on high;
List my wayward heart's sad wail,
Let its passionate prayer prevail.

Give me patience, that my heart
Bear unshrinking its part;
Give me hope—through all these tears
Darkly glow life's coming years;
Give me faith to feel and know
There is blessing in this woe;
Give me grace to kiss the rod,
And to yield my heart to God.

Virgin Mother! hear my cry,
From thy starry throne on high;
Let thine angel tenderness
Shield me, for I'm motherless.

A STORY OF DAMASCUS.

BY M. M.

In the reign of the Emperor Heraclius, the followers of Mahomet first troubled the repose of the Byzantine court. They issued from the deserts of Arabia, the sword in one hand, the Koran in the other, and, animated by a spirit of zeal and fanaticism, which has no parallel in the history of the human race, they penetrated into Syria, and after desolating a portion of it and defeating Werdan, the Grecian General sent to oppose them, invested Damascus. The Saracens under the command of Kaled, a stern and successful soldier, inaccessible to pity, for a time met with a spirited resistance, the Damascenes being roused by the intrepid daring of Thomas, a patrician of the city. Such was the state of affairs when our story commences.

It was night, and the doomed city had a respite from the shower of arrows that through the day fell thick and fast. From the camp of the infidel arose at intervals a murmuring sound that spoke of preparation, and the light, rapid tread of the Arab horsemen patrolling outside the walls, was heard mingled with the low hum of audible whispering from the strong detachments placed at each of the seven gates.

Down the street that led to the gate Kelsan, two figures—male and female—wended their way. Their obvious desire to escape observation, their hurried, stealthy steps, their glances behind, their frequent pauses as if to listen, bespoke a dread of danger or pursuit. They were near the gate when the sound of an approaching footstep arrested them, and they shrank from observation under a projecting doorway.

"Oh, Jonas," said the female in a tone of mortal fear, "this cannot end well. My poor father and mother! I have cruelly deserted them."

Her companion made no reply, but by a fer-

vent pressure of the soft, trembling hand that rested in his, for the footsteps came nearer, and a man passed so close to their place of concealment that his garments touched theirs. Had the night been less dark, or the man less pre-occupied, they would inevitably have been discovered.

"I have a fearful presentiment," said the female in a low, tremulous whisper, "that evil will come upon us."

"Fear not, love," was the reply, in a tone calculated to encourage; "fear not, my Eudocia. Are we not together, and what evil do we dread but separation? Leave omens and presentiments to the infidel dogs. Are we not Christians?"

"Christians in name, Jonas, but are we Christians in spirit? An unbaptized infidel might leave his parents in anguish and his birth-place in danger, but does such conduct become children of the Church? Oh, Jonas, dear Jonas, I never felt remorse till now."

The distress of the maiden was poignant and sincere, and her lover—for such he was—strove in vain to soothe her. But while she dreaded going forward, it was evident she shrank from returning, and this reluctance gave weight to arguments enforced with all the eloquence of love.

They emerged from their hiding place, and in cautious silence pursued their way to the city gate, which they reached without further interruption. Jonas had secured the connivance of the guard by a heavy bribe, and had stationed two fleet horses, fully caparisoned, in a grove of palm trees near the city. Once there, he defied pursuit. The gate was noiselessly opened—Jonas passed through, but Eudocia, before following, turned to gaze upon the sleeping city, still and tranquil as if no danger was impending over her home, her birth-place, the residence of all she loved.

"Pass through," said a gruff voice, "I must close the gate."

In an agony of grief and terror, she found herself outside the city alone—Jonas was nowhere to be seen. She turned in every direction, straining her eyes in endeavors to pierce the darkness, but to no avail. Anxiety for him banished fear, and leaving the shelter of the city wall, she advanced into the plain. A loud, exulting shout broke the stillness of the night—breathlessly she listened—perhaps the Emperor had sent reinforcements—perhaps the neighboring cities—Heme or Heliopolis, Eanbec or Aleppo, dreading the fall of Damascus as the signal of their own—had sent them succor. Again she hears the shout of triumph—it comes nearer, nearer—and, merciful heaven! the name of "Allah" is mingled with it. Alas, no imperial legions, no Christian warriors there. Again she listens, and again the breeze sweeps by. That voice, though louder and shriller than its wont, is surely familiar, and the language is her native Greek.

"Eudocia! Eudocia! flee—I am in the hands of the infidel."

Impelled by the one absorbing desire to escape from the ruffian soldiery of Kaled, and scarcely knowing whither she went, she fled to the gate, and in a short time was again safe within the fortified walls of the city, without having any clear or definite idea of how it had been accomplished.

Jonas was brought by his captors to the tent of Kaled, and ignominiously escaped death by apostasy. He loudly proclaimed his belief in Mahomet, and to prevent any suspicion of insincerity, surpassed the followers of the prophet in his cruelty to the Christians. Loud and deep were the execrations heaped upon him in Damascus, when his double treason—to his God and his country—became known. But what cared he? With his name and faith he had changed his nature. Abdallah the Mussulman had nothing in common with the Christian Jonas, and "the Sword of God" (as the Saracens called Kaled) longed no more ardently for the seek of the city than did the zealous convert.

Bravely did the beleaguered Christians bear themselves—brilliant and desperate were the sallies they made to the very camp of the infidel, but all in vain; there was an enemy in the heart of their city, against whom cour-

age and skill were ineffectual—one not more cruel, but more potent than Kaled. Hunger was among the Damascenes. With such an ally, what marvel that he succeeded.

After a siege of six months, the Governor capitulated. Those who wished to remain were permitted to do so, on condition of paying tribute, and those who desired to leave were at liberty to depart unmolested with as much property as they could carry. These conditions were obtained from Abu Obeidah, the nominal leader of the besiegers, but ignorant of this, Kaled gained admission thro' one of the gates, and a fearful massacre followed. Christian maids and matrons fled for safety to the convents, closely pursued by the relentless Arabs, conspicuous among whom was the renegade Jonas. The loathing multitude shrank from him as if he had the plague, but he heeded not—perhaps saw not—that unequivocal symptom of disgust. On he went, his face so changed, so haggard, so distorted, that his dearest friend might have doubted his identity. But hatred is keener-eyed than friendship or love, and not one in that vast multitude failed to recognize him. As he passed, men ground their teeth and muttered curses on the renegade, and woman's shuddering frame and averted eye were full as eloquent. But the tumult in his own mind and soul rendered him indifferent to external objects. He had sought Eudocia through that fearful day, at first in every corner of her home, then in the house of every friend, in crowds, in public places, in convents—everywhere—baffled hope gave way to anxiety, and anxiety to despair. He had given up the search, and was returning to the camp, when passing a monastery which he had previously examined, he was arrested by the well-known sound of Eudocia's voice. With one bound he was at the door, which yielded to his pressure just in time to save her whom even in his apostasy he loved with undiminished ardor, from the sword of one of his own Arabs. One well aimed blow ended the ruffian's career, and Jonas turned with eager affection to her he had sought throughout that day of blood with unflinching energy.

"Eudocia, my beloved, take courage—it is I!"

One wild cry of joy—one doubting, bewildered glance, and Eudocia, forgetting all that had occurred since that fatal parting—forgetting in short everything save Jonas and her own great love, sank fainting in his arms.

His heart throbbled with conflicting emotions—love, and pride, and joy—he knew not which was paramount. She loved him still despite of all; she loved him better than her faith, her country or her friends. What cared he now for the hate, the loathing, the execrations of the Damascenes. They could not alienate him from the only heart he was ambitious of possessing; she loved him still. Such were his thoughts as he astoundingly endeavored to restore her to consciousness, and when returning animation was evinced by the fluttering breath and tinted cheek, he gave utterance to his hoarded love in passionate exclamations. The color deepened on Eudocia's cheek, the half closed eyes were languidly opened, and she essayed to rise.

"My own Eudocia," said Jonas, tenderly, "rest—you are yet exhausted—rest, no danger can reach you here. I am with you."

"Yes, yes, thank heaven," she replied, "but, Jonas, I have suffered so much, and if these Saracens—
"You start! Ah, you know we have cause to fear! Let us fly."

Terror lent her strength, and disengaging herself from his supporting arms, she hastened to the door. Another minute, and she would have been beyond his reach, perhaps cut down by some Moslem fanatic; but a heavy hand arrested her progress, and the voice of Jonas, strange and harsh, sounded in her ears.

"Eudocia! look at me."

"One glance was enough—the hated garb of the Saracen brought all to memory, and the Christian maiden, pale and motionless as a statue, stood gazing on her recreant lover. Her lips moved as in prayer, but no sound issued from them, and, though she shivered

perceptibly, she stood erect, her eyes riveted upon his countenance.

"What need to fly! You are safe with me, Eudocia—safe as love can make you—safe with the man you love—aye, love—you cannot deny it."

"I love you—love a man false to his God, and false to his country—a traitor and a renegade! Far be the sin from me. No, Saracen! seek a wife among the followers of the impostor Mahomet—a Christian maiden is no mate for you. That I ever loved you is disgrace enough; but to love you now would be infamy too base to name. Man, do you know," she continued, her face glowing with indignation, "that in the siege protracted by your advice my father lost his life—that the crimson stream flowing through the city has been augmented by my mother's heart-blood? Oh, mother, mother!"—her clasped hands were pressed convulsively against her heart—"am I to be told that I love this man?"

"Eudocia," said Jonas, his deep voice trembling with restrained passion, "do not deceive yourself—do not doom yourself as well as me to misery. You know not your own heart. I say you love me as truly, as wildly, as on that night you left father and mother, home and kindred for me."

"My sin—my sin!" murmured the maiden.

"Your looks betray it—your very vehemence proves it; you cannot trust yourself to listen to me; your heart does not second your will; your feelings revolt against your sense of right, and your sense of right is shocked—by what?—by a name, Christian or Mahomedan—call me what you will—what matters it? A name cannot change my love for you; it has not changed your love for me. My deeds have been well known in Damascus for weeks, and yet but this moment my arms were your chosen place of refuge."

"Yes," said Eudocia, blushing crimson with shame and mortification, "you do well to taunt me with it."

"Taunt you with it," he replied impetuously, "Heaven forbid! To me you were welcome as water in the desert—as clouds in the summer sky."

Eudocia continued unheeding the interruption—"I saw but Jonas whom I once loved and was proud of loving."

"See but Jonas still, and all will be well; think of me as Jonas—call me Jonas—"

"And Abdallah the infidel?" said Eudocia, interrogatively.

"Curse on that name. To you I am Jonas—Christian—Damascene—what you will. Hear me, Eudocia! mine you must be, though heaven and hell unite to prevent it; throw aside your affected coldness, and obey the dictates of your heart. Listen—what does it say? He caught her hands in his, and looked into her eyes as if to read the answer there.

"What does it say? that you loved me."

"Alas, yes," said Eudocia, in a tone of deep humiliation.

"What else?—that you love me still?"

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed eagerly, for his exulting tone roused every feminine feeling. "If there was in the innermost fold of my heart a vestige of the feeling, I would loathe myself; but I am not so utterly lost and degraded. I love my country and I love my faith, and, though a woman shrinking from pain, death for either would be welcome. Tell me, could I love such as you? I, tracing my descent from Rome—love a traitor to his country! I, glorying in the faith of Christ, love an apostate? Never, never!"

As she stood erect and fearless, her slight frame quivering with indignant emotion, her beauty rendered more striking by the flashing eyes and heightened color, a feeling of regret came over him, and he felt that nothing could compensate for her loss; the applause of Kaled and the mild approval of Abu Obeidah were nothing compared to her esteem and love.

"Think you I believe the extravagant fables of the Koran, Eudocia?" he said, in hesitating accents.

"Abdallah!" was the only reply she vouchsafed.

"Call me Jonas, for heaven's sake! I cannot bear any other from your lips."

"Oh, baptized infidel!" said Eudocia, bitterly, "does the name make the Christian? Believe the Koran? No, you are not fool enough to believe, but you are hypocrite enough to feign. Farewell! I will pray that God may deal mercifully with you, and give you grace to edify by your penitence those you have scandalized by your apostasy—farewell!"

"Stay, Eudocia! If I repented—what then?"

"Your salvation turns upon that if."

"Yes," was the impatient reply, "but could you forgive me? could you—and in the name of all you reverence and hold sacred, I beseech you answer this question truly—could you love me still?"

"No," she replied, hesitatingly, "impossible. I could pity and forgive whom I despise; but love—never! Contempt and love can never dwell together."

"Enough," he said, in a tone of concentrated rage, "more than enough. You are my prisoner, and willing or unwilling you accompany me to the Mahomedan camp."

"The right of choice is left me," replied Eudocia, proudly, "and I chose to depart with my people. Kaled is cruel, but not faithless, and who else can compel me to stay?"

"Kaled will not refuse a trifling boon to a favorite. Back," he said, fiercely, "you pass not this door alone. Come, resistance is futile."

Seizing the shrieking girl in his arms, he bore her through the convent. The streets were almost deserted; for the unhappy Christians, who preferred banishment to slavery in their own land, had encamped on the grassy plain watered by the loved and picturesque Phaphrag; and those who determined to remain had retired to their homes to grieve in solitude and silence. At first Eudocia struggled violently to escape from him, but finding her efforts unavailing, she became apparently passive. Hers was not a mind to waste its energies in idle lamentations, and she disdained entreaties that her heart told her would be unheeded. She knew that some men, once they plunge into guilt, stop not till they reach the bottom, for, as a writer centuries after observed, "it is easier to prevent oneself from falling, than having fallen, to prevent oneself from falling infinitely." She felt intuitively that Jonas was such a man—still she was calm; yet her calmness resulted not from indifference, but from a deep and settled resolution. There was one means of escape open to her, which she would try. If all else failed, but not till then. She hoped to meet some friend in these familiar streets willing to rescue her, or if she must go to the camp, she would appeal to the commander. Half led, half dragged, she passed through scenes too full of horror for recital; the streets were slippery with the blood of noble and plebeian, of young and old; on one side was the rigidity of death, on the other the contortions of agony. She saw the hoary head of age clotted with gore, and as she shuddering turned away, her eyes rested on the flaxen curls of childhood, damp with the same red dye. 'Twas everywhere the same. Oh, the dread monotony of these streets! In each the same tragedy, varied only in some trifling details. Here a family group had disarmed death of half his terrors by meeting him together; and further on, just a few paces further, a solitary fugitive was struck down; there a woman had bent to receive her death blow; here a man had struggled with his murderers. She closed her eyes to shut out these sights of terror in vain; the mind magnified the unseen, and with a feeling of relief she looked on the reality. Reckless of everything, Jonas hurried on, dragging his unresisting victim, with him through spacious squares and open streets, whose silence was unbroken save by the sharp cry or low moan of men in bodily anguish. Once or twice Eudocia unconsciously turned to him for sympathy; but the convulsed and ghastly faces of the dead were not half so horrible as the heartless callousness of his.

Without a word spoken on either side, they passed on and entered another quarter of the city, which presented a total contrast to that they had just left. The "red rain" had not fallen on it—no dead bodies impeded the way, but the streets were thronged with straggling Saracens in their loose dresses, with lance in hand and arrows in their turbans, and the noise and confusion of a camp had succeeded to the deathlike silence that reigned in the quarter of the city taken by Kaled.

Conspicuous among the crowds of warriors

was one that Eudocia instinctively singled out; she felt that that stern, resolute countenance, that rapid, penetrating glance must belong to the strange compound of courage and cruelty, "the Sword of God."

She was right. Observing Jonas accompanied by a female, Kaled advanced to meet him, and Eudocia, profiting by the opportunity thus afforded, appealed to his justice, and entreated permission to depart for Constantinople with the self-selved Damascenes.

"No man can accuse me of having broken faith with him," said Kaled. "You may go, but by the soul of the prophet! the carcasses of these Christian dogs would have gorged the vultures had they not been protected by the word of a companion of Mahomet. By Allah! I would rather see Munkir and Nakir face to face, than the backs of these retreating Christians."

Drawing Kaled apart, Jonas conversed with him in a low, earnest tone for a few minutes, remonstrating, urging, entreating, as if his life depended on the decision of his commander. Turning abruptly from him, Kaled addressed the trembling girl.

"What is the Governor of Damascus to thee, that thou shouldst follow him? Stay with thy lover—believe in Allah and his prophet, and it shall be well with thee."

"Am I free to choose," asked Eudocia, "or is this mere mockery?"

"You can remain a Christian," whispered Jonas.

"You are free to choose, maiden," replied Kaled, sternly, "but remember, 'he that shall desire any other religion than Islamism it shall not be accepted of him.' Has not your prophet Issa said—"

"Hush! blaspheme not," said Eudocia, shuddering, "I go with my people."

"Then go," said Kaled, turning away, "who can direct him aright whom God shall lead into error?"

"Detain her," urged Jonas in a low voice, "I beseech you, Kaled. Are the wishes of a Christian woman of more avail than the entreaties of a true believer? Allah forbid. Then—your promise!"

"I swore by the Kaaba and the Holy Well that the maiden should be yours if the city was taken by assault—but one half of it having surrendered, the inhabitants of it are at liberty to go if they wish. Would you that I, who have conversed with the apostles, should imitate the falsehood and deceit of these Christian wine-bibbers? A party of Damascenes," he said, addressing Eudocia, "liberated by Abu Obeidah, are returning—you are free to go with them, and tell Thomas if he delays upon the way we may meet again—in three days I will follow him."

On Friday, the 23d of August, 634, the sun of Syria rose upon a strange motley scene. Outside the walls of Damascus the Christians had pitched their tents, and the plain, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with incongruous objects. Mules were there, laden with the rich silks of the East, with cloths of gold and precious metals; and men and women were bending beneath the weight of some relic of that beloved spot, valued not for its intrinsic worth, but for the associations intertwined with it. Children in careless gaiety were sporting in the meadows, or chasing each other round the palm trees, their natural hilarity stimulated by the novelty of all around them; and men and women were hurrying from their frugal repast, for the cavalcade was beginning to move. All was confusion. Thomas and Herbis, who headed the Damascenes during the siege of their city, were indefatigable in their endeavors to maintain order, so indispensable to the safety of the vast multitude they commanded. Dreading pursuit, the Christians hurried on, but ever and anon turned to look upon the city, its churches and palaces glittering in the sun, its pleasant squares and gardens, and the river winding past groves of fig or palm trees. Women wept convulsively, and the sternest men turned away, their eyes moist with unbidden tears. They strove with eager haste to make up for the delay, but the sun was near the zenith before the watchers on the walls of Damascus lost sight of that miserable caravan.

With feelings impossible to describe, Jonas saw them depart, and long after the last of the exiles was hidden in the distance, he continued gazing upon the spot where Eudocia was lost to his view. His only hope was that Kaled might be induced to follow them after

the three days stipulated for by Thomas, and he knew that a troop of mounted Saracens could not fail to overtake the fugitives, burdened as they were by the valuables they carried, and impeded at every step by crowds of helpless women and children. That Kaled would be willing to follow them he could not doubt, but fanaticism and religious zeal, though powerful stimulants, are as nothing compared with selfish passion. A dispute having arisen between the victors and the vanquished concerning the terms of the capitulation, Kaled was delayed four days, and, imagining that the Christians were too far in advance, he gave up all thoughts of pursuit. Jonas was in despair; and hastening to the general, he urged him not to let so many desperate men escape to swell the army of Heraclius—men who proved their enmity to the Moslems by preferring a long and fatiguing journey over Mount Libanus, scantily provisioned, badly armed, and heavily encumbered, to embracing the religion of the prophet, or paying tribute to his followers. He undertook to guide them, pledged himself for the success of the undertaking, and Kaled, anxious for a pretence to follow his own inclinations, was persuaded.

With four thousand picked men, disguised as Christian Arabs, that they might pass through the country unmolested, they set out, Abbarrahman, the son of the caliph Abubekir, being among the number. Night and day they traveled without intermission, save at the stated five times commanded by the Koran, when they prostrated themselves in prayer, their faces turned to Mecca. They had no difficulty in keeping the path, for the road was strewn with different articles, dropped unconsciously by the fugitives, or flung aside from weariness and exhaustion. For the first few days the country was delightful to travel in, but as they drew near the mountains, all was changed—traces of the Christians were no longer visible, and the men began to murmur. The pathway in the mountains was so rocky that the iron shoes of the horses were torn off, and the strong leather boots of the men gave way after a few hours walking. Even Kaled began to waver in his resolution, and spoke of returning; but Jonas, careless of the lives of Saracens or Christians, indifferent to all save the gratification of his own desire, impelled him to continue the pursuit.

"Dearer," said Kaled to one who equalled him in courage and hatred to the Christians, "should we return to Damascus, or follow these unbelievers farther?"

"I will never return without fighting," replied the fiery Moslem; "nothing shall baffle us but what God hath decreed for us."

At this moment Jonas and Abbarrahman came up in great haste, the apostate in a state of uncontrollable agitation.

"What news," asked Kaled—"any sign of the unbelievers?"

"Oh, Kaled!" replied the wretched Jonas, "we cannot overtake them—we must turn back, for the forces of the Emperor are on the other side of this mountain, and advancing to meet us."

Kaled became pale as death.

"What! 'the Sword of God' afraid of these Grecian dogs?" exclaimed the astonished Derar.

"I fear neither them nor death; but I fear Heraclius may surprise Damascus, and, oh Derar! oh Abbarrahman! I had a dream that troubles me. I was standing by the border of a lake whose waters were white as the waters of the celestial pond of Mahomet, to whom be peace! when a Christian warrior, like to this Thomas, rode swiftly past me. Deeming it a sin to let the unbelieving dog escape, and forgetting that I was unarmed, I dashed after him. I had neither lance, nor sword, nor arrow, but on my head was the sacred cap, blessed by the prophet. That cap, touched by the hand of Mahomet himself, I flung at the rider. The deed was scarcely done, when I became conscious of its enormity, and my horror of the desecration was so great that I awoke—and, oh Derar! I fear that I have thrown the followers of the prophet into the hands of this Thomas."

"Fear not, Kaled," said Abbarrahman, "tis a good omen—so have we followed the enemies of Islamism—so will we overtake them—so will we fall on them. Who can withstand Allah and his prophet! Let us follow them without delay."

To return to the Damascenes. The discomforts of their journey had been aggravated by

the fear of pursuit; but now as they drew near to the Imperial troops, a feeling of security diffused itself among them. 'Twas pleasant, smiling morning in the beginning of September, that the fugitives, after a night incessant rain, their hair dripping wet, the clothes thoroughly soaked, came in sight, what appeared to them a paradise. A verdant meadow, bright with gay flowers, a musical with running water, was before them, and, worn out with fatigue, they determined to rest and refresh themselves before proceeding farther. They spread their wet cloths out to dry, stretched their weary limbs on the green sward, and in a short time many fell asleep to dream of home or battlefields. From these dreams they were rudely awakened by the *tebbir* of the Saracens. Up leaped the harassed fugitives, and clutching their arms, resolved to sell their lives dearly to the invaders. Bravely did Thomas lead them on, bravely was he seconded, but being unhorsed by a Moslem lance, the Christians, panic-struck at the loss of their leader, turned and fled. A scene of carnage, unrelieved by a drop of humanity, followed.

But where was Jonas? Hurrying from the conflict, he sought Eudocia among the women and children. Seeing him approach, she fled with the swiftness of terror, and had danced her hated pursuer, when her foot catching in the clothes that were drying on the grass, she fell. Before she could extricate herself, Jonas was beside her—he embraced her with passionate fondness—her own heart felt—besought her love humbly as a beggar might sue for alms, and bewailed with vehement expressions of pity and sorrow the hardships she had endured.

"But now, Eudocia, my life, my soul, with out whom there can be for me no heaven, time or in eternity, from this moment of sufferings are at an end. You will not n repulse me. You have sacrificed enough consistency. One look and I shall know your fate. False I may have been—false I have been to every obligation—false to my faith, false to my country—false to my former self—buy why, Eudocia? For you—for you! I value for your sake; but never false to you. What other motive could have had power over me? Kaled said you should be mine, and then I yielded. If I erred, what tempter?"

She spoke not; she seemed not to have heard him, but sat still and motionless, her lips firmly compressed, her eyes rivetted to the ground, her face colorless like that of disembodied spirit. Emboldened by her quiescence, which he considered a tacit acknowledgment, Jonas passed one arm gently round her waist, and urged his suit.

"My Eudocia!" he murmured, "make what you will, I care not so you love me. You what you will, I cannot choose but love you. Believe in a trine God—scold at Allah and his prophet—prefer the Gospel to the Koran—what matter, so you love me! Stay that you do, Eudocia—but that one short sentence."

She rose slowly, and looked full in his face.

"Return with me to Damascus." "Damascus! Wretch, darest thou return to Damascus? But I doubt it not. You have braved your God—why should you fear to meet your countrymen? Go to Damascus! go to Constantinople, and in a convent w try to expiate the sin of having loved you."

"You shall never see Constantinople," said Jonas, fiercely. "You shall not again escape me. I will force you to be happy, for, spite your womanly caprice, and affectation, the old feeling still lives. By Allah and his prophet! I know you love me."

"I hate, loathe, abhor, detest you," said Eudocia, vehemently; "murderer and apostate! The crimes of other ruffians look like virtues when compared with yours—the genius cruelty of fiends could teach you nothing new. Love you? No! Were I to free from other sin, I need not fear to meet n God."

The face of Jonas grew livid with passion, he clenched his hands and gnashed his teeth in impotent rage, and his voice sounded like the hiss of a serpent as he muttered in his ear, "You shall be my slave."

He strove to seize her, but eluding his grasp, she sprang from him, with a cry of horror. Stung to madness by her invincible repugnance, he was no longer master of his actions; love yielded to hate, and scarce conscious of what he was doing, he drew his sword and followed. The next moment the

dash of steel was in her eye—a gush of warm blood was on her hands, and Eudocia, the object of his selfish, guilty love, was at his feet—dead.

The wretched Jonas, after dragging out two weary years of existence, died fighting in the ranks of the infidel at the siege of Yermouk, on the "Day of Blinding," so called from the number of Saracens who were blinded by the Christian archers.

THE OLD MUNICIPAL POLICE—DECISION IN FAVOR.—The Court of Appeals, in the case of McCune, a member of the old police, versus the Metropolitan Police Commissioners, has delivered an important judgment, by virtue of which, it is said, many members of the old police force will be entitled to receive back pay from June, 1857, to the present time. This case was brought before the Supreme Court, but the decision being adverse to the Metropolitan Police Commissioners, they carried it to the last resort, the Court of Appeals, where they have again been defeated. McCune, the plaintiff, alleges that he has never resigned nor been discharged, and therefore considers himself still a member of the police force and entitled to the emoluments of its office. The defendants declare that the plaintiff publicly withdrew from the police force after the passing of the act of the 15th of April, and resigned his place, and also that complaints of neglect of duty were made against him, and that he having refused to appear and answer such charges—notice of which had been previously delivered on him—was declared by special verdict to be "dismissed and removed June 26, 1857."

The Judge considered it strange that an action should be brought against the plaintiff for neglect of duty after, as they aver, he had withdrawn from the force. "A judgment that one should be removed from an office which he never held, would be as ridiculous as a judgment that one should be removed from an office which he never held," said the Judge. "He thought it a virtual admission that the plaintiff belonged to the existing police force, or it had been proved that the notices of dismissal which had been forwarded to the captain, never reached the plaintiff. It being ascertained that members of the police force can resign without a month's written notice, on pain of forfeiting what is due to him, the Judge contended that a resignation could not be legal unless given in the prescribed form. This the plaintiff had not been charged with doing. McCune was likened to James the Second of England, he having also abdicated, and to Arnold as being a rebel against authority. The Judge contended that the plaintiff did not rebel against the power of the people, but that he did not believe in the authority of those who claimed to be their agents.

It has been at last decided that those members of the Municipal Police who were not dismissed according to law, and who have not joined the new force, shall be restored to their former position, and entitled to their back pay.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, FORTY-SECOND STREET.—A most serious occurrence took place last Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Holy Cross in Forty-second street. It appears that during Vespers, about 4 o'clock, a curtain which covered part of the altar caught fire from a candle which stood close to it. In a moment the whole curtain was in flames, but they were soon after extinguished with trifling damage. The alarm, however, which was caused by the accident was attended with serious consequences. No sooner was the curtain observed on fire than the congregation made a simultaneous rush for the door, and in the confusion and crushing that followed several persons were seriously injured. It is said that two children had their legs and arms broken; and we trust the accident is not so serious as the reports state.

EXHIBITION OF THE INTERNATIONAL ART ASSOCIATION.—This exhibition opened to the public at the rooms of the Association, corner of Fourth street and Broadway. There was a very large attendance, among whom was a very considerable number of ladies. The embellishment of the rooms in which the paintings are exhibited is peculiarly appropriate. The majority of the paintings are above mediocrity, and there are several which may be classed among the best that have been exhibited in this city for many years. They are all by German artists, and are sent from the Munich, Dresden, and other German schools. Conspicuous among them is "The Freshet," by Meyer of Bremen, which is most elaborately finished; a life size historical picture, representing Queen Elizabeth Signing the Death Warrant of Mary Queen of Scots; and two Landscapes, by Achenbach.

We have already alluded to the great want which exists in this city of a free gallery of paintings, and we consider this a peculiarly appropriate time to refer again to the subject. There are at this time two free exhibitions of paintings in this city, and the same number of which the public are obliged to pay twenty-five cents for admission. The collection in these four, with a large number belonging to private persons, would make a very fine gallery, and would form a splendid nucleus for an institution that would be worthy of the Metropolis of the Union.

Midnight Mass.

Music murmuring soft and low,
Wailings sad of deepest woe,
Solemn breathings of distress,
From mortal souls' unhappiness.

Wailing like a low-toned hymn,
Sung by midnight cherubim,
Swelling upwards to the sky,
Sounds that anthem choristry.

Faint and dim the moonlight shines,
Through yew solemn grove of pines,
Where the death-gloom darkly waves
Over burial-heaps of graves.

In that chapel-choir at night
Cross and censer gleameth bright,
And the altar tapers shed
Light on many a reverend head.

Sorrowing youth and drooping age
Meet on life's long pilgrimage,
Praying on, through woe and woe,
For mercy in the world below.

Many a prayer, and many a moan,
Echo through that chapel lone;
Mingling plaint and heartfelt sigh
With priest's responding litany.

Cross and beads are counted o'er,
For sorrowing sins' unshriven store;
And each Monk, in cowl and stole,
Sings mass for beadsman's parted soul.

From her dark and dreary cloud
The elfin wind is wailing loud;
And the pale stars shine between
The midnight's purple rifted sheen.

But hush! for, lo! the hymn is o'er,
Chant and psalm are heard no more;
Solemn prayer and rite are done,
Midnight mass and orison.

Dimly through each aisle arcade,
Torch and censer-smoke are swayed;
Crucifix and train go by,
Each to his night-sanctuary.

Dark and robed, each form moves on
To his silent cell of stone;
Where in sleep, sweet visions given,
Fill each beadsman's dream with heaven.

Night and darkness vigil keep
O'er that olden abbey's sleep;
Angel-spirits guard the rest
Of each lovely slumberer's breast,
And the sainted virgin's spell
Shieldeth o'er them all—farewell!

SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUE.

CHAPTER I.

In the high castle of Drontheim many knights sat assembled to hold council for the weal of the realm; and joyously they caroused together till midnight around the huge stone table in the vaulted hall. A rising storm drove the snow wildly against the rattling windows; and all the oak doors groaned, the massive locks shook, the castle-clock slowly and heavily struck the hour of one. Then a boy, pale as death, with disordered hair and closed eyes, rushed into the hall, uttering a wild scream of terror. He stopped beside the richly carved seat of the mighty Biorn, clung to the glittering knight with both his hands, and shrieked in a piercing voice,

"Knight and father! father and knight! Death and another are closely pursuing me!"

An awful stillness lay like ice on the whole assembly, save that the boy screamed over the fearful words. But one of Biorn's numerous retainers, an old esquire, known by the name of Rolf the Good, advanced towards the terrified child, took him in his arms, and half chanted this prayer: "O Father, help Thy servant! I believe, and yet I cannot believe." The boy, as if in a dream, at once loosened his hold of the knight; and the good Rolf bore him from the hall unconscious, yet still shedding hot tears and murmuring confused sounds.

The lords and knights looked at one another much amazed, until the mighty Biorn said, wildly and fiercely laughing, "Marvel not at that strange boy. He is my only son; and has been thus since he was five years old; he is now twelve. I am therefore accustomed to see him so; though, at the first, I too was disquieted by it. The attack comes upon him only once in the year, and always at this same time. But forgive me for having spent so many words on my poor Sintram, and let us pass on to some worthier subject for our discourse."

Again there was silence for a while; then whispering and doubtfully single voices strove to renew their broken-off discourse, but without success. Two of the youngest and most joyous began a roundelay; but the storm howled and raged so wildly without

that this too was soon interrupted. And now they all sat silent and motionless in the lofty hall; the lamp flickered sadly under the vaulted roof; the whole party of knights looked like pale, lifeless images dressed up in gigantic armor.

Then arose the chaplain of the castle of Drontheim, the only priest among the knightly throng, and said, "Dear Lord Biorn, our eyes and thoughts have all been directed to you and your son in a wonderful manner; but so it has been ordered by the providence of God. You perceive that we cannot withdraw them; and you would do well to tell us exactly what you know concerning the fearful state of the boy. Perchance the solemn tale, which I expect from you, might do good to this disturbed assembly."

Biorn cast a look of displeasure on the priest, and answered, "Sir chaplain, you have more share in the history than either you or I could desire. Excuse me, if I am unwilling to trouble these light-hearted warriors with so rueful a tale."

But the chaplain approached nearer to the knight, and said, in a firm yet very mild tone, "Dear lord, hitherto it rested with you alone to relate, or not to relate it; but now that you have so strangely hinted at the share which I have had in your son's calamity, I must positively demand that you will repeat word for word how everything came to pass. My honor will have it so, and that will weigh with you as much as with me."

In stern compliance Biorn bowed his haughty head, and began the following narration:

"This time seven years I was keeping the Christmas-feast with my assembled followers. We have many venerable old customs which have descended to us by inheritance from our great forefathers; as, for instance, that of placing a gilded boar's head on the table, and making thereon knightly vows of daring and wondrous deeds. Our chaplain here, who used then frequently to visit me, was never a friend to keeping up such traditions of the ancient heathen world. Such men as he were not much in favor in those olden times."

"My excellent predecessors," interrupted the chaplain, "belonged more to God than to the world, and with Him they were in favor. Thus they converted your ancestors; and if I can in like manner be of service to you, even your jeering will not vex me."

With looks yet darker, and a somewhat angry shudder, the knight resumed: "Yes, yes; I know all your promises and threats of an invisible Power, and how they are meant to persuade us to part more readily with whatever of this world's goods we may possess. Once, ah, truly, once I too had such! Strange!—Sometimes it seems to me as though ages had passed over since, and as if I were alone the survivor, so fearfully is everything changed. But now I bethink me, that the greater part of this noble company knew me in my happiness, and have seen my wife, my lovely Verena."

He pressed his hands on his eyes, and it seemed as though he wept. The storm had ceased: the soft light of the moon shone through the windows, and her beams played on her wild features. Suddenly he started up so that his heavy armor rattled with a fearful sound, and he cried out in a thundering voice, "Shall I turn monk, as she has become a nun? No, crafty priest; your webs are too thin to catch flies of my sort."

"I have nothing to do with webs," said the chaplain. "In all openness and sincerity have I put heaven and hell before you during the space of six years; and you gave full consent to the step which the holy Verena took. But what all that has to do with your son's sufferings I know not, and I wait for your narration."

"You may wait long enough," said Biorn, with a sneer. "Sooner shall—"

"Swear not!" said the chaplain in a loud commanding tone, and his eyes flashed almost fearfully.

"Hurra!" cried Biorn in wild affright; "hurra! Death and his companion are loose!" and he dashed madly out of the chamber and down the steps. The rough and fearful notes of his horn were heard summoning his retainers; and presently afterwards the clatter of horses' feet on the frozen court-yard gave token of their departure.

The knights retired, silent and shuddering; while the chaplain remained alone at the huge stone table, praying.

After some time the good Rolf returned

with slow and soft steps, and started with surprise at finding the hall deserted. The chamber where he had been occupied in quieting and soothing the unhappy child, was in so distant a part of the castle that he had heard nothing of the knight's hasty departure. The chaplain related to him all that had passed, and then said:

"But my good Rolf, I much wish to ask you concerning those strange words with which you seemed to lull poor Sintram to rest. They sounded like sacred words, and no doubt they are, but I could not understand them. 'I believe, and yet I cannot believe.'"

"Reverend sir," answered Rolf, "I remember that from my earliest years no history in the Gospels has taken such hold of me as that of the child possessed with the devil, which the disciples were not able to cast out; but when our Savior came down from the mountain where He had been transfigured, He broke the bonds wherewith the evil spirit had held the miserable child bound. I always felt as if I must have known and loved that boy, and been his playfellow in his happy days; and when I grew older, then the distress of the father on account of his lunatic son lay heavy at my heart. It must surely have all been a foreboding of our poor young Lord Sintram, whom I love as if he were my own child; and now the words of the weeping father in the Gospel often come into my mind: 'Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief; and something similar I may very likely have repeated to-day as a chant or a prayer. Reverend father, when I consider how one dreadful imprecation of the father has kept its withering hold on the son, all seems dark before me; but, God be praised! my faith and my hope remain above.'"

"Good Rolf," said the priest, "I cannot clearly understand what you say about the unhappy Sintram, for I do not know when and how this affliction came upon him. If so oath or solemn promise bind you to secrecy, will you make known to me all that is connected with it?"

"Most willingly," replied Rolf; "I have long desired to have an opportunity of so doing; but you have been almost always separated from us. I dare not now leave the sleeping boy any longer alone, and to-morrow at the earliest dawn I must take him to his father. Will you come with me, dear sir, to our poor Sintram?"

The chaplain at once took up the small lamp which Rolf had brought with him, and they set off together through the long vaulted passages. In the small distant chamber they found the poor boy fast asleep. The light of the lamp fell strangely on his very pale face. The chaplain stood gazing at him for some time, and at length said:

"Certainly from his birth his features were always sharp and strongly marked, but now they are almost fearfully so for such a child; and yet no one can help having a kindly feeling towards him, whether he will or not."

"Most true, dear sir," answered Rolf, and it was evident how his whole heart rejoiced at any word which betokened affection for his beloved young lord. Thereupon he placed the lamp where its light could not disturb the boy, and seating himself close by the priest, he began to speak in the following terms:

"During that Christmas feast of which my lord was talking to you, he and his followers discoursed much concerning the German merchants, and the best means of keeping down the increasing pride and power of the trading towns. At length Biorn laid his impious hand on the golden boar's head, and swore to put to death without mercy every German trader whom fate, in what way soever, might bring alive into his power. The gentle Verena turned pale, and would have interposed—but it was too late, the bloody word was uttered. And immediately afterwards, as though the great enemy of souls were determined at once to secure with fresh bonds the vassal thus devoted to him, a warder came into the hall to announce that two citizens of a trading town in Germany, an old man and his son, had been shipwrecked on this coast, and were now without the gates, asking hospitality of the lord of the castle. The knight could not refrain from shuddering, but he thought himself bound by his rash vow, and by that accursed heathenish golden boar. We, his retainers, were commanded to assemble in the castle-yard, armed with sharp spears, which were to be hurled at the defenceless strangers at the first signal made to us. For the first, and I trust the last time

in my life, I said 'No' to the commands of my lord, and that I said in a loud voice, and with the heartiest determination. The Almighty, who alone knows whom He will accept, and whom He will reject, armed me with resolution and strength. And Biorn might perceive whence the refusal of his faithful old servant arose, and that it was worthy of respect. He said to me, half in anger and half in scorn: "Go up to my wife's apartments; her attendants are running to and fro, perhaps she is ill. Go up, Rolf the Good, I say to thee, and so women shall be with women." I thought to myself, "Jeer on, then," and I went silently the way that he had pointed out to me. On the stairs there met me two strange and right fearful beings, whom I had never seen before; and I know not how they got into the castle. One of them was a great tall man, frightfully pallid and thin; the other was a dwarf-like man, with a most hideous countenance and features. Indeed, when I collected my thoughts and looked carefully at him, it appeared to me—

Low moanings and convulsive movements of the body here interrupted the narrative. Rolf and the chaplain hastened to the bedside, and perceived that his countenance wore an expression of fearful agony, and that he was struggling in vain to open his eyes. The priest made the sign of the cross over him, and immediately peace seemed to be restored, and his sleep became quiet; they both returned softly to their seats.

"You see," said Rolf, "that it will not do to describe more closely those two awful beings. Suffice it to say, that they went down into the court-yard, and that I proceeded to my lady's apartments. I found the gentle Verena almost fainting with terror and overwhelming anxiety, and I hastened to restore her with some of those remedies which I was able to apply by my skill, through God's gift and the healing virtues of herbs and minerals. But scarcely had she recovered her senses, when, with that calm holy power which, as you know, is hers, she desired me to conduct her down to the court-yard, saying that she must either put a stop to the fearful doings of this night, or herself fall a sacrifice. Our way took us by the little bed of the sleeping Sintram. Alas! hot tears fell from my eyes to see how evenly his gentle breath then came and went, and how sweetly he smiled in his peaceful slumbers."

The old man put his hands to his eyes, and wept bitterly, but soon he resumed his sad story.

"As we approached the lowest window of the staircase, we could hear distinctly the voice of the elder merchant; and on looking out, the light of the torches shewed me his noble features, as well as the bright youthful countenance of his son. 'I take Almighty God to witness,' cried he, 'that I had no evil thought against this house! But surely I must have fallen unawares amongst heathens; it cannot be that I am in a Christian knight's castle, and if you are indeed heathens, then kill us at once. And thou, my beloved son, be patient and of good courage; in heaven we shall learn wherefore it could not be otherwise.' I thought I could see those fearful ones amidst the throng of retainers. The pale one had a huge curved sword in his hand; the little one held a spear notched in a strange fashion. Verena tore open the window, and cried in silvery tones through the wild night, 'My dearest lord and husband, for the sake of your only child, have pity on those harmless men! Save them from death, and resist the temptation of the evil spirit!' The knight answered in his fierce wrath—but I cannot repeat his words. He staked his child on the desperate cast; he called Death and the Devil to see that he kept his word: but hush! the boy is again moaning. Let me bring the dark tale quickly to a close. Biorn commanded his followers to strike, casting on them those fierce looks which have gained him the title of Biorn of the Fiery Eyes; while at the same time the two frightful strangers bestirred themselves very busily. Then Verena called out, with piercing anguish, 'Help, O God, my Saviour!' Those two dreadful figures dashed forward, and the knight and his retainers, as if seized with blindness, rushed wildly one against the other, but without doing injury to themselves, or yet being able to strike the merchants, who ran so close a risk. They bowed reverently towards Verena, and with calm thanksgivings departed through the castle-gates, which at that moment had been

burst open by a violent gust of wind, and now gave a free passage to any who would go forth. The lady and I were yet standing bewildered on the stairs, when I fancied I saw the two fearful forms glide close by me, but mist-like and unreal. Verena called to me: 'Rolf, did you see a tall pale man, and a little hideous one with him, pass just now up the staircase?' I flew after them; and found, also, the poor boy in the same state in which you saw him a few hours ago. Ever since, the attack has come on him regularly at this time, and he is in all respects fearfully changed. The lady of the castle did not fail to discern the avenging hand of Heaven in this calamity; and as the knight, her husband, instead of repenting, ever became more truly Biorn of the Fiery Eyes, she resolved, in the walls of a cloister, by unremitting prayer, to obtain mercy in time and eternity for herself and her unhappy child."

Rolf was silent; and the chaplain, after some thought, said: "I now understand why, six years ago, Biorn confessed his guilt to me in general words, and consented that his wife should take the veil. Some faint compunction must then have stirred within him, and perhaps may stir him yet. At any rate it was impossible that so tender a flower as Verena could remain longer in so rough keeping. But who is there now to watch over and protect our poor Sintram?"

"The prayer of his mother," answered Rolf. "Reverend sir, when the first dawn of day appears, as it does now, and when the morning breeze whispers through the glancing window, they ever bring to my mind the soft beaming eyes of my lady, and I again seem to hear the sweet tones of her voice. The holy Verena is, next to God, our chief aid."

"And let us add our devout supplications to the Lord," said the chaplain; and he and Rolf knelt in silent and earnest prayer by the bed of the pale sufferer, who began to smile in his dreams.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LEMMING.—Several amusing anecdotes are told of this little creature by the officers of the various travelling parties. Lieut. Mechem observes, that on one occasion, Buffer (an Esquimaux day) was trudging along, nose to the ground, quite unconscious of danger, when a lemming, suddenly starting from its cavern, seized poor Buffer by the nose, inflicting a severe wound. The dog, astounded at such an unexpected assault, gave a dismal howl, and at length shook the enemy off; after which he became the attacking party, and in less than a minute the imprudent lemming disappeared between the jaws of the Tartar he had attempted to catch. My own experience of those industrious little warriors tended to prove they possessed a strange combination of sociality and combativeness. Industrious they most certainly are, as is proved by the complicated excavation of their subterranean cities; besides which, every feather and hair, of bird and animal, found in the vicinity of their dwellings, is made to contribute its iota of warmth and comfort to the interior of their winter quarters. I had many opportunities of watching their movements during my detention at Winter Harbor. My tent happened to be pitched immediately over one of their large towns, causing its inhabitants to issue forth from its thousand gates to catch a view of the strangers. Frequently, on waking, we have found the little animals, rolled up in a ball-like form, snugly ensconced within the folds of our blanket bags; nor would they be expelled from such a warm and desirable position without showing fight. On several occasions I observed Naps (the dog) fast asleep, with one or two lemmings huddled away between his legs, like so many pups.

A CASE OF TRANCE.—A widow named Anfray, about sixty years of age, of St. Agnan de Cernieres (Eure), who had long been seriously ill, appeared some days ago to become suddenly worse, and after a while fell immovable as if dead. Finding that she was cold, did not breathe, and that her pulse was dead, her friends not doubting that she was dead, had her laid out, caused the church bell to be tolled, ordered a coffin, and sent word to the parish priest to be ready to bury her at a certain hour the next day. But just before the funeral was to take place the woman recovered consciousness, and was both astonished and indignant when told that she had been considered and treated as dead.

A FIGHT WITH A PIRATE.

By the time that the several dispositions ordered by the captain had been made, the stranger, a beautiful brig, had approached within long gunshot. We (that is, officers and passengers) were congregated upon the poop deck, in anticipation of momentarily receiving an iron summons to round to. This, however, did not appear to be part of the unknown's policy; and whilst he was fast drawing ahead, Macsawney, who carried on the duties of the ship as if she floated unquestioned mistress of the blue expanse, ordered eight bells (having taken the sun) to be struck, and invited his passengers to partake of their customary meridian. They were in the act of descending, when Bosy reported that the brig, having given a broad yaw to leeward, showed Spanish colors at her peak. These were scarcely set ere they were dipped, an indication that it was their wish to speak us. The atrocities which have degraded Spain's once imperial banner, coupled with the rakish loom of the stranger, and our proximity to the Cape de Verd Islands, the favorite resort of the lawless, caused us to survey him with a curiosity in which apprehension was not slightly mingled. Our doubts and fears were in course of speedy solution, for the self-styled Spaniard had now lessened his distance to a couple of hundred yards. A more exquisite hull it was impossible to look upon—long, low, and of exceeding beam—the bow round as an apple, with a cutwater sharp as a wedge, from which projected a female figure-head of the most graceful proportions. Every line was symmetry itself—her bottom beautifully moulded, her copper bright as burnished gold, and her run clean and fine as the heels of a racer; in short, the very model of what an English nobleman's yacht should be. The capacity might amount to some three hundred tons. The beauty of the hull was fully equalled by the gear aloft, which was taut, tapering, and well set up; the lower mast was clean-scraped and bright varnished, with long heads painted white. He carried courses, topsails, with a slab reef to make them stand better, top-gallant sails, fore-topmast stay-sail, jibboom, mainsail, a thundering ringtail, fore-topmast and fore-top-gallant standing sails; his royal yards were sent down, and his flying jib-boom housed. All his yards were remarkably square, his canvass well cut, and it was impossible to surpass the light, airy tracery of his taper masts, with all their many lines of superincumbent cordage. As we approximated, we gave our meteor flag to the breeze—his Spanish ensign still floating at his peak. His lovely craft was in perfect command, and having drawn a little before our lee beam, he immediately halted.

"Ship ahoy!"
"Hallo!" responded Macsawney.
"What ship's that?"
"The Saucy Sally. What brig's that?"
"The Vomito Pietro," was the answer.
"Where are you from?"
"The Cape of Good Hope."
"Heave to—heave to! I have intelligence to communicate."

"Ay, ay," sang out Mac. "Cheerily, my lads; round in the weather main and top-sail braces. Foretop there! down top-gallant stun'sail; in with big Ben; clap on the topmast stun'sail downbello! That's it—with a will, men. So—o! Man royal and skysail elue-lines!"

In a surprisingly short space the Saucy Sally was reduced to top and top-gallant sails, jib and spanker, the fore and main course hanging in the brails. The Vomito Pietro was still under sail, although, while our ship was obeying her injunctions, she had hauled up so sharp in the wind as not only to deaden her way, but to drop a short distance astern. Perceiving our main-top-sail to the mast, he once more ranged within hailing distance.

"Ship ahoy! Send a boat aboard of me, d'ye hear?"

"Brig ahoy!" shouted Mac. "No boat of mine leaves this ship. If you have anything to communicate, send your own boat."

"Send your boat this instant, sir, or I'll fire into you."

"Blaze away," sang out the imperturbable Scotsman. "Down on the deck, lads; you shall pepper him by and by."

A pause ensued; the vessels gradually separated; the Vomito Pietro hove to some sixty yards forward of the Sally's lee beam, and, without further ceremony, exchanged the Spanish ensign for the skull and marrow-bones. At this moment both vessels had

nearly lost steerage way, the wind befallen dead calm.

"We must be guided by circumstances," said the captain, addressing us; "but cases must we allow them to obtain a free upon our decks. Better go to the bottom than be flung into it like dogs. Let us, no doubt, seek to board under cover of long guns. Let him try; but do not, explore you, throw away a shot until you are sure of his man; every one who adds to our chance of escape."

The captain was right in his conjecture; scarcely had he ceased speaking, ere the ship, apparently satisfied with reconnaissance, launched both her quarter-boats full of No sooner had they touched the water, they sent forth a wild yell, to which a fitting accompaniment, the roar of their eighteen opened its deadly throat, and without any material injury resulting, boldened by the non-return of the boats after a brief conference under the Vomito stern, commenced pulling, making some of a sweep, apparently with the design of assailing the Saucy Sally on either quarter.

"Divide yourselves," continued the captain, "and indefatigable Mac; but, above all, cool—be steady. Ah!" he exclaimed, "bing his hands with great delight, 'tis a noble chance. I'll try it, by George, the worst it can but fail. Look alive, a two; ease off the weather and haul in lee main braces; there's a cat's-paw! Our ship already feels it, and there will be ere long. Jump aft, O'Donoghue; take the wheel; run the pirate alongside; and, mind me, let every mother's son of ye, wishes to see kith and kin again, pay strictest attention to my commands."

Circumstances had indeed altered the Scotsman's plans. At the very moment he was endeavoring to give a warm reception to five-and-twenty or thirty wretches, armed the teeth, fast approaching in the pirate's stern—at that very moment a light air sprang from the Saucy Sally's sails. Like other flaws, this air was extremely partial, and not yet extended to the Vomito, which motionless lay on the water. Freshening its course, at length it struck the guilty but too late to save her from the grapple of the Saucy Sally, who was already speeding under its full influence. Two minutes sufficed to lay her alongside, but few more to her restless crew upon the corsair's deck, and whilst the main body battled the ash-ruffians, one or two secured the flag and got the brig before the wind—Saucy bearing her faithful company, her passenger-ridemen picking off the banditti with prising accuracy. Discomfited on every trophy in the Sally's power. The boats, meanwhile, foiled almost in the moment of possession, rowed with all the energy of despair; but the breeze had once more strengthened and steady, and both the Saucy and the Vomito were dropping them. Their maniac yells rent the air—their strokes flashed under the fury of their strokes—the boats were urged onwards with a strenuous superhuman. At the moment of hope must have been all but dead within the Vomito suddenly hove up in the wind eye. Could it be? Had the merchant failed, and were their comrades victors? They paused upon their oars, joining company if to ponder the course proper to be pursued. Brief was the space permitted for consideration. A splash, a stunning report, and an shower, sped its fatal flight, dashing the splintered oars from their nerveless grasp, scattering, with one crash, the dying and dead, in ruined fragments upon the devoted deep! One instant and the welkin rang with the howl of despairing fiends; another, nought was heard save the faint and piteous struggle of mortal agony—fearful but retribution! Their own trusted weapons been turned upon themselves; and O'Donoghue, by the mouth of their boasted I Tom, had sped them unmaneuvered to their count.

NEW SCARLET DYE.—It has been said that those nocturnal tormentors, which infest being in many localities, have but one use, teach mankind humility. A chemist at Bourne, however, has discovered that it may be as usefully employed as the cochineal insect itself in producing a scarlet dye, specimens of which have recently been exhibited.

LITERATURE.

MASS IN C MINOR FOR FOUR VOICES AND ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT, composed and dedicated to the Rev. Dr. J. W. Cummings, by Peter F. Welles, Organist of St. Stephen's Church, N. Y. Op. 47. New York: C. Bretnag.

Music has in all ages entered into the services of the Church, but the character of the music has, of course, varied with the advance of the science. The mass music of the present day, massive in tones and rich in instrumentation, is more in keeping with the character of modern music than the severe simplicity of the Gregorian Chant. But the church while receiving one does not reject the other; both find a place in her service and add to her beauty and solemnity. Church music has a wonderful effect on the feelings, "raising," says Augustine, "by the delight of the ears, weaker aid to the affection of devotion." "When I come to mind," he adds, "those tears which I shed at the singing of the church hymns, in the beginning of my conversion, and how much I am now moved, not with the singing, but with the tears that are sung, when they are delivered with a clear voice, and a most agreeable modulation, again, I acknowledge the great benefit of a institution." This is a noble tribute to the power of sacred song.

We have been led into these remarks by the publication of a new Mass by an organist of this city. He who adds one worthy strain to the choir of the church deserves his meed of praise, if should get it ungrudgingly. Now this Mass is more than one worthy strain, or two, or three; in fact, as a whole, it is a work of high art, combining two qualities which are not always found together—pure melody and full, rich harmony. We shall endeavor, therefore, to give our readers a few of the different pieces that make up the work.

In the words to which the music of the Mass is often never vary, there must be a sort of general resemblance, as it were, in the style and character of every mass; the *Gloria* must always be uplifting and triumphant, and the *Agnus Dei* must be "entreating." But outside of this necessary uniformity which a true musician must be the last to disregard, there is scope enough for originality. The "*Gloria*" commences with a fine choral burst that sinks down at once into soft, low tones, without the intervention of a sinuoso passage. The *Et in terra* is a sweet, expressive strain, and the *Dominus Deus* surpasses in both qualities. We do not propose to give every piece for two reasons: in the first we have not space for such a minute review, and in the second we have not had time to study the music thoroughly. For these reasons we will refer only to a few of the more prominent features. The *Credo* commences in the firm, decided manner of a confession of faith, a syllable to a note, and continues through choral passages, interspersed with great solo, and solos of great beauty, singularly a bass solo (*Et in Spiritum Sanctum*), which is exquisitely melodious to a highly effective close. The *Agnus Dei* is a beautiful solo, full of pleading pathos, and breathing the very spirit of the words, "Have mercy upon us," in its suppliant earnestness. How different is the *Dona nobis*! Hopeful, almost joyous in character, as key in which it is set—for it is arranged in C major—it sounds as if it possessed the peace which still it implores.

The instrumental part of Mr. Welles's Mass is equally brilliant; the different voices are made to play with much skill and effect, and the harmonic and choral are full and powerful. We should say in conclusion that the Mass can be had of Dunigan & Brother, and at other publishers and booksellers in this city.

ROMAN CATACOMBS; OR, SOME ACCOUNT OF THE BURIAL-PLACES OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS IN ROME. By the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, M. D., Lecturer on Church History, Oxford. Published with the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham.

There are few places that possess such charms to the heart and the imagination, as the Catacombs of Rome, the subterranean city of the dead, where seven millions of Christians have slept for centuries. What a privilege it is and in these hallowed places, to look on these tombs rising tier upon tier, whose sculptured and inscriptions speak so eloquently of a faith and hope, and realize the strength of that bond that binds the children of the Church here in all ages. Here rest the pastor and flock, young and old, rich and poor, bright angels of every phase of Christian piety, and through these narrow passages, in times of persecution, have been borne, in silence and secrecy, the bodies of the martyrs—"troops," as the faithful loved to call them. That these "troops" of a heavenly victory were obtained at a fearful risk, we well know, but no risk, however great, could deter the primitive Christians from yearning to possess them, and the precious remains of these faithful soldiers of Christ, "who fought the good fight," received especial veneration, and from century to century the Church has honored and will honor them. What a privilege can hear the word "Catacombs" without feeling grateful that to him it is no dull topographical expression, no synonym for mere antiquarian research, but a word that, recalling the triumphs and struggles of that stormy era of the

Church, reminds him of the communion of saints. The volume that has given rise to these remarks, supplies a want that has long been felt by many who, for want of time or other causes, had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the wonders of that Christian Necropolis. The accounts of it heretofore published have been too learned or too minute for general readers, for whom the present work is especially adapted, condensing, as it does, a great deal of interesting matter in the small space of two hundred pages. It combines the character of a guide-book and a description, and while invaluable to persons visiting the Catacombs, it may be read with pleasure and profit by those who never expect to look upon the sunny sky of Italy. The value of the book is considerably enhanced by plates which contain representations of the interior, and different articles found therein. In these engravings are chapels, luminari or openings to admit light and air, altar-tombs, closed graves marked with inscriptions, monograms and psalms, lamps, chalices, rings, representations of the paintings on the tombs, and the plan of a small portion of the Catacomb of St. Agnes, and the Arcella or Sandpit over it, one glance at which is sufficient to refute the theory that they had a common origin, or a common purpose.

THE LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN INSECTS. By J. A. Rehn, late Professor of Zoology and Botany in the College of New Jersey, edited by H. L. Frieson, M. D., with numerous illustrations from specimens in the cabinet of the author. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a most interesting work on entomology, and combines, in a happy manner, instruction and amusement. It is no dry catalogue of scientific names, which only embarrass the learner and discourage him at the very threshold, but a lively, animated work, which would interest even those most ignorant of the subject. In the chapter on Grasshoppers the author gives a vivid picture of the desolation caused by these apparently insignificant insects, against whom, however, the Emperor Alexander of Russia did not disdain to send an army of thirty thousand men. For the manner in which this strange fight (stranger even than that of the Pigmies and Cranes) was conducted, and on whose banners victory perched, those who have got sense enough to read the book will discover. One of the most pleasing chapters in the entire volume is that devoted to the silk-worm. The professor is an enthusiast on this subject. He urges the planting of mulberry trees and the cultivation of the silk-worm as not only a lucrative but an ennobling employment, and considers it a "matter of regret and a great deficiency in our views of political economy" that we have not been more persevering in our attempts to establish this branch of manufacture among us. He thinks the silks made from the cocoons of the Tussock and Arctid silk-worm might be equalled by those of the *Cocoonia*, which is indigenous to the country. The former are remarkable for their durability, outlasting their first possessor and descending from mother to daughter; but whether this would be considered a merit, in the revolving state of the fashions, we will not undertake to say. We cannot particularize every order of insects of which he speaks, but we must not omit all mention of the ant, that wonderful little creature, whose loving care and warm affection for the members of its own community is only equalled by its hatred of all outsiders; nor the bees, to whom trade and commerce owe so much. The mosquito, which, in the works of Mr. Pecksniff, we may call an "ugly customer," becomes in Russia the greatest plague, destroying whole herds of cattle, and inflicting excruciating sufferings on man. Our author does not confine himself to his speciality, but while travelling keeps his eyes open for other matters of interest as well, and the reader benefits by it. Scattered throughout we have interesting anecdotes of distinguished men and sketches of national character. The hospitality of the Russians is warmly praised, but more especially that of the inhabitants of the Crimea.

SHELLS FROM THE SEA SHORE OF LIFE. Gathered by Peter Scheller. Illustrated by L. W. R. New York: W. E. C. Clark & Co.

This is a series of sketches on everyday things, and everyday scenes. They can lay claim to all the credit of originality, for although the same subjects have been frequently illustrated before, both with pen and pencil, the writer of these sketches describes them in a way peculiar to himself, and brightens them up with the vivid coloring of his own imagination. Sketch writing, when it is well done, never wearies, and with some readers it is the most popular of all styles. Dickens' wonderful descriptive powers as a writer was first made known to the English public through the sketches he published in a London morning paper, and the same light and pleasant feature gives his best novels some of their greatest charms. Neal's sketches, although very different from those of Dickens, were extensively read and admired, and we might enumerate many others who obtained a high reputation for the same style of writing. In the unpretending little volume which the gentleman, who has assumed so appropriate a *nom de plume* to the title of his book, has placed before us, we find many things and scenes and characters that a long acquaintance with the various phases of city life has made us familiar with, and that are rendered with an almost dagger-keen faithfulness. There is the little crossing

sweeper, the New York omnibuses, or omnibuses, as some sticklers for the latin plural would call them, the New York merchant, the writer on the daily paper, the millionaire, the landlord, the speculator and a number of other subjects, for information upon which we must refer our readers to the book itself. The style, as we have said, is original, and we might say that the sketches possess two qualities which are sufficient to give them an interest for the general reader—they have a quaint genial humor and a large share of human sympathy and feeling, which always makes their appearance at the proper time.

THE LIFE OF ST. AGNES, OF ROME. Virgin and Martyr. Translated from the French by Peter F. Cunningham, with the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Published by Peter F. Cunningham.

The records of the early Christian Church contain no more touching story than that of St. Agnes, the noble Roman maiden whose exalted virtue commands our veneration, and in the volume before us it is told in simple, fitting language. Her answers when summoned before the Prefect for the crime of being a Christian, have been preserved in the acts of her martyrdom, and are here given word for word. The ceremonies observed at Rome on the 21st of January (the Feast of St. Agnes) are described, and in an appendix the authenticity of the "Acts of St. Agnes," disputed by some, is clearly established.

THE KNOT, A TALE OF POLAND. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sedler. Philadelphia: Published by Peter F. Cunningham.

A pleasing and affecting story of Polish life, to which the easy and admirable translation imparts the vivacity of an original work. The story commences in 1830, when the Poles, excited by the memorable "three days of July" made another effort to recover their liberty and expel the Prussians, an effort which resulted in a cruel and prolonged persecution. The heroic daughter of one of the Polish leaders is the chief point of attraction in the book—a beautiful feminine character equally remarkable for firmness and gentleness.

THE LIFE OF ST. MARGARET, OF CORTONA. By the Canon Anthony Francis Giovannoli. With the approbation of the Right Rev. John N. Neumann, D. D., Bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham.

An edifying life of a sainted penitent.

SONGS OF OUR LAND. Boston. Published by Pat-

A voluminous collection of songs of different nationalities, some of which are in very questionable taste, and would have been much better omitted. The best feature in the book is a republication of Moore's Melodies, to which is prefixed a life of the poet.

NEWBURY CATHOLIC LIBRARY MAGAZINE. The present number is as varied and interesting as any of its predecessors. The historical sketches are continued. The Dans Kammer, the fourth of the series, opens with a picturesque view of the Hudson and closes with a sad story of Indian revenge.

THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO. By the author of *Magdalen Stafford*. New York: Harper & Brother.

An interesting story of domestic life, with a single dark thread of mystery running through it. The conversations are easy and natural, and the conclusion brings what every right-minded person must rejoice at—perfect happiness for the hero and heroine.

MORE ABOUT JESUS with illustrations and a Map by the author of *Peep of Day Reading Without Tears*. New York: Harper & Brothers. This little book is neatly got up and profusely illustrated.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—We have received "Rob Roy," "The Abbott," and "Quentin Durward," published by Peterson, of Philadelphia, who has undertaken to place Scott's classic works within the reach of all.

DIFFERENT MODES OF SALUTATION.—Of all the different modes of salutation in various countries, I think there is none so graceful as that which prevails here. At New Guinea the fashion is certainly picturesque; for they place upon their hands the leaves of trees as symbols of peace and friendship. An Ethiopian takes the robe of another and ties it about his own waist, leaving his friend partially naked. In a cold climate this would not be very agreeable. Sometimes it is usual for persons to place themselves naked before those whom they salute as a sign of humility. This custom was put in practice before Sir Joseph Banks when he received the visits of two Otaheitean females. The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands take the hand or foot of him they salute, and gently rub their face with it, which is, at all events, more agreeable than the salute of the Laplanders, who have a habit of rubbing noses, applying their own proboscis with some degree of force to salute with which they desire to salute. That of the person they desire to salute. The salute with which you are greeted in Syria is at once graceful and flattering; the hand is raised with a quick but gentle motion to the heart, to the lips, and to the head, to intimate that the person saluting is willing to serve you, to think for you, to speak for you, and to act for you.

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.—A steamboat leaves Stockholm every week and touches at Gefle, Hudiksvall, Hernösand, Umea, and other points on the western coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, as well as Wasa on the eastern, on its way to Tornea at the head of the gulf. This voyage is a very pleasant one, and gives an opportunity to those who wish to go up to that very northern city at the summer solstice (the 29th of June or St. John's day), when from the neighboring mountain they can have their faith confirmed in the Copernican system. For, at that epoch, the sun, to those who are on that elevation, does not descend below the horizon, but is seen to decline to the north-west, and verge more and more to the exact north, until it reaches midnight, its lowest point, when it is just visible above the horizon. In a few minutes it is seen to commence its upward course towards the north-east, and thus continues its glorious progress until it reaches its zenith in the south. Even to one who is at Stockholm at that epoch, the nights for two or three weeks are sufficiently light from the refraction of the sun's rays, owing to its being so little beneath the horizon, for the performance of almost any business. We happened, at that time, about four years ago, to be going up to the Promotion at Upsala, and were obliged to travel all night; and we have a distinct recollection of reading a letter at midnight with ease, even while passing through a forest. And the year after, at the same season, we often whiled away our leisure moments by sitting at the window of the house where we stayed, on the English quay in St. Petersburg, a city which is situated in the same degree as Upsala, and half a degree north of Stockholm, and reading until midnight. During that period, scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, which had, both day and night, that light blue which is peculiar to these northern regions at this period of the year, and which is occasioned by the rays of the sun striking the atmosphere of that portion of the earth at so small an angle. Scarcely a star was visible in the heavens at night, and the moon, even when full, hardly formed a shadow. At that season, there is something unnatural and death-like in the appearance of things as night sets in. Business comes to an end before the sun goes down, and all nature falls into stillness and repose whilst it is yet light; and if you have been accustomed to such a state of things, you seem, as you pass the streets, whether it be of Stockholm or St. Petersburg, Hernösand or Tornea, to be in the midst of a city which is uninhabited. No living thing, perhaps, is to be seen anywhere, as you pass street after street, save some solitary sentinel, with his gray coat and musket.

POISONOUS FLIES.—Near this place (Babasky, on the Danube), we found a range of caverns, famous for producing the poisonous fly, too well known in Serbia and Hungary under the name of the goliabaeer fly. These singular and venomous insects, somewhat resembling mosquitoes, generally make their appearance during the first great heat of Summer, in such numbers as to seem like vast volumes of smoke; their attacks are always directed against every description of quadruped; and so potent is the poison they communicate, that even an ox is unable to withstand its influence, for he always expires in less than two hours. This results, not so much from the virulence of the poison, as that every vulnerable part is simultaneously covered with these most destructive insects; when the wretched animals, frenzied with pain, rush wild through the fields till death puts a period to their sufferings, or they accelerate dissolution by plunging headlong into the rivers. The shepherds of these countries, taught by experience the time of their approach, avoid every part of their flocks and herds, unprotected by nature, with a strong decoction of wormwood; to which, it appears, these flies have a great antipathy. In addition to this, the shepherds keep immense fires constantly blazing; around which the poor animals, aware of their danger, tremblingly and patiently congregate. Kind nature has, however, mercifully ordained that their existence shall be most ephemeral; for the slightest variation in the weather is sufficient to destroy the whole swarm; hence they seldom live beyond a few days. The probable supposition, however, is, that when the Danube rises, which it always does in the early part of Summer, the caverns are flooded, and the water remaining in them becomes putrid, and produces, during the heat of Summer, this most noxious fly.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

PREPARATION FOR THE PEACE CONGRESS.

DELEGATES APPOINTED THERETO BY THE GREAT POWERS.

Sardinia to have a Seat but no Vote.

The Mixed Education Question in Ireland.

By the arrival of the screw propeller City of Baltimore, we are put in possession of news from Europe to the 30th ult., the steamer having sailed on that day from Liverpool. The City of Baltimore reached this port about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst. The following is the material part of her news:

IRELAND.

RESULT OF THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.—THE GOVERNMENT IN THE DOCK!—A most astounding story (says The Dublin Nation) has burst upon Mr. Whiteside this week; one that will make him rue the day that the Caulfield-Gaula system was extended into Clare. "In that part of the country" something has indeed been done which Mr. Whiteside would now wish undone; his friend, the informer, has been removed from the witness-chair into the dock, and the accused Phoenixes liberated in triumph! The charge against them was, on Monday last, investigated before a crowded bench of Magistrates; the Crown having, it is said, been stung to the quick by the taunt of Mr. O'Hagan that they dared not submit the Phoenix cases to the ordinary tribunals of the country—the local magistracy—resolved to try the experiment in Ennis, in the hope of refuting Mr. O'Hagan's assertion that it was only before stipendiaries and sub-inspectors such evidence would stand an hour. That was an evil hour for Mr. Whiteside when he staked upon that case; for, as he has found to his bitter mortification, Mr. O'Hagan spoke by book. The Ennis Bench of Magistrates, having fully investigated the whole case, and having heard the informer's story—quite as marketable as that of Goula—they most significantly marked their judgment upon the great State Prosecution of the Phoenixes, by ordering the accused young men to be instantly acquitted, and the worthy friend of Mr. Whiteside to be prosecuted for perjury! Here is a dainty dish to set before an Attorney-General—his loyal and dutiful informer ordered into duress, to be prosecuted for false swearing, though fully as reputable as the illustrious Goula, upon whose evidence a Kerry Jury are to be called upon next week to convict a number of prisoners! The accused Phoenixes ordered to be liberated amidst the vociferous cheering of a crowded and delighted assemblage! Surely Mr. O'Hagan has the gift of "second sight," and must have had an inkling of coming events "in that part of the country" called Clare! It will be a rich scene to see the Crown trying before a Kerry Jury, next week, the farce scouted from court by the assembled magistracy of Ennis on Monday last. Blood-money consols are exhibiting what is called in "the market" a "downward tendency," while that Mr. Whiteside is "a bear" to a large extent, we are most willing to believe.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE PHOENIX TRIALS.—The Univers notices the strange conduct pursued by the Government in the Phoenix trials. The authorities, it says, made desperate efforts to obtain evidence to convict these young men, and, if they dared, the police and magistrates would have put the witnesses to the torture, as they did not scruple to accept false evidence, if useful to their purpose. The Executive appeared, not as administering justice, but engaged as partizan in a struggle of faction. The writer refers to the complaint of Mr. McCarthy Downing relative to his correspondence having been opened and read by the authorities, and adds, "Behold the respect, the guarantees, assured to the liberty and life of the Irish. But is it not good enough for mere Papists? Imagine, then, what treatment those miserable Hindoos at the very extremity of the globe may expect to receive from free and implacable England." The writer goes on to give some shocking details of the immorality of London, which the English papers have suppressed.

The London Star says the conduct of the Irish Attorney-General in postponing the trials of the alleged conspirators at Cork, without assigning any reason except that it was his will it should be so, is commented upon by the Irish journals, even of his own party, in no complimentary way. Somehow or other they connect Mr. Whiteside's hasty return from the south with the tottering state of the ministry, and with certain overtures stated to have been made to the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in Ireland touching his immediate retirement. In the meantime the Cork, so-called, conspirators have to lie in goal until it be the pleasure of the Crown

prosecutors to proceed with their trials; for the Crown, we are told, has a right to choose its own time any season for that purpose, and these bare Phœnicians have nothing to do but wait to die in the jail.

The Waterford News says there is a report current to the effect that Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C., will be a candidate for the borough of New Ross in opposition to Mr. Tottenham, the present Tory Radical representative.

A writer in the Nation says: "It is a thing to make the funds grin to find the name of the Attorney-General for Ireland amongst those of the members of the London committee for the relief of the Neapolitan exiles. 'Rebels at Cork are patriots at Madrid'—or at Naples, it seems. Lucky fellow, Peorio, not to have been born in Ireland! In which case his right honorable admirer would be offering £100 for information against him; would be dragging him at dead of night before a jail-gang; would be training Goula to swear away his life; would be opening a refuge at Clontarf for fugitive felons willing to 'serve the Crown' by giving judicious answers to leading questions; would be calling him an assassin, by comparing him to William Palmer and Giovanni Lani. But, really, is it decent for Mr. Whiteside to parade himself as a patron of the Neapolitan prisoners after his recent extraordinary conduct in Tralee?"

The Northern Whig intimates that the trial of the persons arrested in Belfast for their alleged connection with the Phoenix Society will be postponed for the present.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN KERRY.—On St. Patrick's night a boat in which ten men were crossing over the bay, from Killorglin, in the county of Kerry, was upset, and unfortunately, six were drowned, among whom were a father and son.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.—The Marquis of Waterford was killed while hunting in Ireland on the 29th of March.

ENGLAND.

In the English House of Commons, on the 28th ultimo, Mr. Owen Stanley said that in consequence of the explicit statements of the Attorney-General for Ireland, that government would consider the rejection of the second reading of the Reform bill as equivalent to a vote of censure, he should withdraw the resolution to that effect, of which he had given notice.

Mr. Cowper asked whether it was intended to incur the expense of a third mail to America, in addition to the two mail services for which a sum of £170,000 was included in the packet estimates, before a vote for this purpose could be submitted in Committee of Supply?

Mr. Disraeli said that the contract was before the Admiralty, but it was not yet completed. It was not necessary to take an additional vote for the purpose.

The debate on the Reform bill was resumed, the principal speakers against it being Mr. Edwin James, Monkton Milnes and Sir James Graham, while those in its favor were Lord Elcho, Lord A. Van Tempeste and Sir John Pakington. The latter objected to the conclusion being assumed by Lord Palmerston and declared that government would hold itself staked on the issue of the debate.

A deputation had waited upon Sir John Pakington at the Admiralty, on the subject of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway. It was stated that a substantial contractor had offered to construct the railway for £2,500,000, and, pending its construction, to put through a sufficient road for the carrying of the mails, within twelve months from the present time. The great advantages of the route was largely dwelt upon.

FRANCE.

It had been arranged by the War Department that all the materials lately prepared—such as artillery, projectiles, clothing and tents, should be despatched to Lyons and Marseilles, where stores had been prepared for them.

The Paris correspondent of The Times asserts that armaments were going on in France without relaxation!

The Paris Patrie states that Government had decided upon adding a fourth battalion to each of the hundred infantry regiments of the line—to be formed out of the third and sixth companies of the already existing battalions.

ITALY.

THE PEACE CONGRESS ON THE ITALIAN CRISIS. It was confidently asserted that the Peace Congress would be held in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and most probably in the town of Baden.

A dispatch from Paris says: After several proposals, it appears that Baden has been fixed upon for the coming Congress, and that it will meet about the first of May. It will be attended by five Cabinet Ministers.

Malmesbury, representing England.

Waleski, France.

Gortschakoff, Russia.

Buol, Austria.

Schleinitz, Prussia.

The Italian States will also be indirectly represented at the Congress. M. Arzoglio, Sardinian Minister to England, has arrived here to meet Count Cavour. It is not impos-

ible that they may complicate the negotiations, and their visit to this capital is not viewed with pleasure by the votaries of Pearl and Malabar.

It is said that Lord Cowley will assist the Earl of Malmesbury, and that M. Drouyn d'Eslys will act as second Commissioner to Count Walewski.

According to some authorities the Congress will meet between the 16th and 20th of April. The English Government is said to have given its consent to the admission of Sardinia to the Congress.

The latest reports were that while Piedmont will have a seat in the Congress, she will not have a vote; and that, on the same conditions, other Italian States will be heard.

THE POPE ON THE EVACUATION OF THE PAPAL TERRITORIES.—The Gazette Ufficiale di Milano publishes, in a letter from Rome, the address of the Pope to the cardinals, the purport of which has already been mentioned. It was on the 4th of March, when the Pope, having listened to the sermon of the apostolic preacher, assembled the cardinals around his person, and, after having communicated to them that his Government had proposed the withdrawal of the auxiliary troops from the Papal States, spoke as follows: "I regret that some journals have attributed to me sentiments and expressions which are not at all consonant with the Sovereign Pontiff's character. Certainly, I have not girded my loins with the sword of Joshua or of Gideon, and I could therefore not have said that I felt sufficiently strong, as a secular and warlike prince might have done. Vicar of Jesus Christ, I know full well that my calling is that of a prince of peace. I have demanded the withdrawal of the foreign troops simply from an apprehension that the continued presence of these troops in some parts of the Church's territory might become the occasion—or the pretext—for a conflict between potentates, a conflict which might lead to the conflagration of a war. For what may follow the withdrawal, I trust to the goodness of my cause, to the protection of Providence, and to the pacific inclinations of the people. This it is I wanted to tell you, and you are at liberty to give publicity to this expression of my sentiments."

AUSTRIA.

The Vienna correspondent of The Times says that although Austria has promised to attend the Congress, "she is not inclined to think peace will be maintained, and consequently continues her armaments."

The London News is informed that the conditions on which Austria has assented to a Congress are of a most insinuating character.

The following is the latest report of the military position and preparations of Austria:

It is computed that by the end of March Austria would have in Lombardy seventy battalions of infantry, and with artillery, cavalry and engineers the army in Italy would be about 220,000 strong.

Letters from Piacenza announce that between the 23d and 26th of March, 1,300 Austrians, with 25 cannons, 150 barrels of resin and a great quantity of congre rockets, arrived there. The church was converted into a flour magazine.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

CATHOLIC CHILDREN IN A BROOKLYN PROTESTANT INSTITUTION.—SUIT FOR THEIR RECOVERY.—Two small children, a boy and girl—says The Herald—were brought before Judge Morris, of the County Clerk, on Friday, the 8th instant, on a suit of habeas corpus, issued at the instance of their grandfather, Thomas Kearney. They are the children of the late John Ladin, who died in December, 1858, leaving them orphans. Just before his death he made his mark to an instrument in writing, by which their care and custody was given to the managers of the Brooklyn Industrial School, an institution in which children without homes are taken care of. The grandfather, who claims to be the natural custodian, obtained papers of guardianship from the Surrogate some months since, having shown that he was willing and able to take good care of them.

The managers of the Industrial School are now required to show cause why they refuse to give them into his custody. It appears that the father of the children died in the Catholic faith. The grandfather belongs to the same church, and the Industrial School is a Protestant institution. Although the question of religion was ruled out by the Surrogate, it is plain that it is the sole ground of the present proceedings. The grandfather claims possession; first, on account of relationship; and, second, for the reason that he was appointed their guardian by the Surrogate. It is claimed, also, on his behalf, that when Mr. Ladin made his mark to the paper transferring the custody of the children to the managers of the Industrial School, he was prostrate with illness and incapable of understanding what he was doing. The paper was signed by him but a few hours before his death. In support of this view, testimony was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Webb, pastor of St. James' Cathedral in Jay street, testified that he visited Ladin during his last illness; that he made his confession, and the sacrament of

Extreme Unction was administered to him on the 18th of December, 1858. He was in state of partial insensibility the first and second times the pastor visited him. In answer to the question "What is the usage regard to the disposal of children by the parents who have received the last holy rites of the Catholic Church?" the witness replied "The usage is to have them brought up in the Catholic faith, and no other." Several other witnesses were called to show the improbability of the statement that deceased, being Catholic, should transfer the custody of his children to a Protestant institution, when it necessarily for such a course did not exist. The examination is not yet concluded.

REV. J. GIUSTINIANI.—It is gratifying to announce that the Rev. Father Giustiniani, pastor of the church of the Immaculate Conception, has recovered from his critical condition. Last Sunday he was able to assist the Holy Sacrifice of Mass. Public attention has been much directed to his case ever since the awful night of the 25th March, when several burglars broke into his house, robbed it of all the money and valuables they could sell upon, and then made a violent assault upon him in his bed, nearly fracturing his head, but the severe blows they dealt, and leaving him insensible, and bathed in his own blood.

[Catholic Mirror April 9.]

FOREIGN.

ASH WEDNESDAY IN ROME.—The Pope proceeded on Ash Wednesday to the Sistine Chapel, to give his benediction, in the usual manner, to the ashes which he received from the hands of the Cardinal. His Holiness afterwards distributed a portion to all the Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, to several members of the diplomatic corps, the general in command of the French troops, and a number of personages of distinction, and among the rest Queen Christina. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than was presented by the gay appearance of the uniforms and embroidered costumes of a considerable portion of the congregation, and the day of mortification and humility which the Pope intended to designate.

DECREES OF THE POPE.—The Univers of the 20th ult. contains two important decrees of the Holy Father. One declares the canonization of the Venerable John Baptist De Rosa, Canon of the Basilica of St. Maria, in Cosmo-tin, and the other the Beatification of the illustrious martyr John Sarcander, Secular Priest and Cure of Holleschoon, in the diocese of Olmutz, who was born at Skoezovia, in Silesia, A. D. 1577; and, after enduring violent persecution, and having been subjected to the most cruel tortures for his devotion to the Church, and his zeal in defending and preaching the Faith, died in 1620. The numerous miracles attesting his sanctity were several years ago brought under the notice of the sacred Congregation of Rites, but a variety of accidental circumstances have, from time to time, interposed to prevent a formal decision being arrived at until now, when it was reserved for the present successor of Saint Peter, among other numerous blessings that have been showered upon His Holiness, to declare the beatification of this venerable servant of Christ.

HOW THEY CARRY ON THE PROSELYTIZING SYSTEM IN ENGLAND.—When we lately, after an interval of some few months since a previous effort called the attention of Catholics to the monstrous injustice perpetrated against the helpless poor and their children in the work-houses, we hardly hoped for that degree of success which has attended the attempt. In fact, a sufficient amount of sympathy and action has been manifested to give us full assurance that the subject will not again be allowed to drop before great amelioration have been obtained, and those so large the concession of our whole claim will be only an affair of time.

One of the most hopeful symptoms which have come to our knowledge has been that the large Catholic population of St. Mary and St. Michael's, in Commercial road, have taken up the matter as a catechism question, and have already held preliminary meetings to discuss how and to whom they may best express their sense of the injustice they labor under in their determination to obtain justice for the future. The devoted clergy of that extensive district will, we have no doubt, know how to direct the awakened energy of their flock in the right direction, and to restrain the expression of their just indignation within the limits of order and obedience to the laws. It is, we know, quite unnecessary to say a word to move the charity of these faithful people, or to stir them up to make what may be deemed the necessary efforts to preserve the children of their poor from wholesale proselytism—from being taught by salaried Protestant officials, paid out of the poor rates, to ridicule all that they revere, and to blaspheme

that they adore; but it is necessary, or will be, at least be useful, to tell them facts.

It is a fact, then, that by a rule made by so-called Guardians (!) of the Poor, every Catholic under sixty years of age is debarré from the privilege of hearing Mass on Sundays, and is imprisoned during the hours of Divine Service.

It is a fact that all the children whose parents are compelled to seek refuge in the workhouse, or who are left orphans, are subjected compulsorily to receive the instructions of Protestant chaplains, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, except under conditions, a fulfilment of which is practically impossible; and that the result is that Catholic children are proselytised by hundreds, whilst there is not one child receiving a sound Catholic education, and probably not more than twenty who are receiving any religious instruction whatever, except from salaried established Church clergymen.

The mode in which all this is managed is by no means calculated to allay one's indignation against the authorities. The law provides that any child may, at the request of a parent, or godfather, or godmother, receive instruction in its religion. The first difficulty is to obtain the necessary request on the right party. When this has been done, there is often a delay of two or three months before the necessary authorization is obtained, during which time the child is being proselytised. When, after repeated applications, the priest has got access to the child, it is as a rule, being a very limited age is brought into the play—the child is moved to some other school or workhouse, and all past labor is thrown away. But if it is not done and the priest succeeds in getting access to the child, he has access to the children only one at a time, and thus any attempt to make a very limited number of them their religion is triumphant. The machinery by which this is done is paid for out of the rates exacted from Catholics. It is we ourselves that are made us to pay for the proselytising of our own children.

Irish Catholic members, or most of them, are just now too busy in the patriotic and religious attempt to bring back Lord John Russell, to pay any attention to such matters as these. The English Catholic aristocracy live in too serene and well-bred an atmosphere to pay any attention to the poor of the workhouses. A party cry could be got up on such a question, but it could be made to affect place or pelf, if only one snatched in the Customs depended on it, or one could just now be secured to shift the government into the hands of the worst representative of the base and something else. This faction, we should hope for some assistance from the Irish members, if not from our own kid gloves, rode in carriages, lived in palaces, or were anyhow "influential"—especially if the question could be mooted with the approbation of "Society" and the sympathy of our Protestant fellow-countrymen—we might hope for help from the English aristocracy, as they are not of the kind who are content in it is consoling to see indications that the people mean to take up the question for themselves. When they have done the work, there will be plenty of pretended leaders to step in and take the credit of it, and to make political capital out of it.

And that the people will not find themselves misled by leaders, even in the earliest stages of their efforts. They have amongst them their very safe and incorruptible leaders—the only leaders who will not sacrifice them to their own secret and selfish purposes—we mean, of course, the Catholic clergy. And the Catholic clergy have in their turn a leader, around whom they may safely rally—a Priest of the Church, who will not put his hand to the triumph of wrong and the public degradation of religion on any miserable pietist theory, that a priest must only say Mass, teach the Catechism, and perform public functions with due solemnity; or, if he interfere at all, that it must be to crush the rising hopes of his flock, and hand over their political destinies to their bitter enemies.

Under such auspices, if the people are indeed to relieve themselves from the Egyptian bondage they are now laboring under, let them proceed with courage and confidence and stand resolutely and firmly that they shall not be in practice over the kind of religion proselytising of their children. Let them say they will not do it; but that if, like good objects, they pay their taxes, their own poor and their children shall have the same benefit as the Protestant poor and their children. Above all, let them bend all their energies, and to any miserable partial amelioration which in practice may turn out to be none at all, but to a radical cure. Let them persistently demand the appointment and payment of Catholic chaplains and schoolmasters, to Catholic children, just as there are Protestant chaplains and schoolmasters to such Protestant children. It is not worth while to move for anything less.

(London Vindicator.)

CATHOLIC SAILORS ON BRITISH MEN OF WAR.—In the House of Commons on the 24th of March Mr. Serjeant Deasy asked the First

Lord of the Admiralty whether he had received any communications complaining of any alleged undue interference with the religion of the sailors serving on board her Majesty's ship Ajax, at Kingstown, and whether he had caused any inquiry to be made into the truth of such complaints.

Sir J. Pakington had received a communication complaining of alleged undue interference with the religion of certain Roman Catholic sailors on board her Majesty's ship Ajax. He had in consequence directed inquiries to be made into the matter, and he was bound to say that, as far as they had yet gone, their result, he was informed, did not show that any just ground existed for the complaint.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHURCH OF THE CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD IN LIMERICK.—The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan dedicated this beautiful new church on last Thursday, the feast of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. His lordship commenced the ceremony at half-past eleven o'clock, assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Butler and the Rev. Dr. Meehan. The other clergyman present were the Rev. M. O'Connor, P. P. St. Patrick's; the Very Rev. Father Kelly, superior of the Jesuits; the Rev. Father Hogan, S. J.; the Rev. James O'Brien, P. P. of St. Michael's; the Rev. Michael Fitzgerald, St. Mary's; and the Rev. M. O'Sullivan, St. Munchin's. After the dedication, high mass was sung by the Rev. John Quinlan, P. P. of St. John's, the Revs. J. Conway and Michael Malone acting as deacon and sub-deacon. The Rev. H. Harbison, of the Redemptorists, preached on the occasion with eloquent zeal. The learned and distinguished divine advocated also, on the first Sunday in Lent, in the Cathedral of Waterford, the noble cause of the poor regenerated penitents who are under the sisters of the Same Order of the Good Shepherd. This Convent has been established during the past year, and already affords shelter to forty repentant females. At the conclusion of the solemn benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was given by the venerable prelate of the diocese. The choir of the Dominicans was in attendance, and sang high mass and benediction in a very creditable manner. This new church was planned and executed by the Messrs. Ryan & Sons, and reflects the highest credit on their character as architects. From the information furnished by the Lady Superiress of the Convent nothing could be more satisfactory than the attention paid to her wishes by them, even in the smallest matter connected with the undertaking. The church is in the Roman style, and consists of a nave, chancel, transept, and choir, over which is situated the organ gallery. Nothing can exceed the chasteness of its interior and the proportion of its parts. It is a gem in its way, and surpasses as a sacred edifice, anything of the kind we have as yet seen in this country. The massive pilasters are carried up with moulded bases and caps, supporting a rich entablature cornice, which runs around the entire of the church, the termination of a carved and pannelled ceiling. The generous people of Limerick and elsewhere may congratulate themselves on having enabled the zealous religious of the Good Shepherd to erect this temple in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, where their prayers and those of their eighty reclaimed penitents will be constantly offered to the throne of mercy on behalf of their benefactors. The Mayor and several highly respectable citizens were among the congregation.

FREE CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN IRELAND.—At the great meeting in Cork, half a million of Catholics, through their four Prelates, four Catholic Members of Parliament, three hundred Priests, several deputy lieutenants, a number of magistrates, and 8,000 persons, in public meeting assembled, proclaimed to the world that the Catholic mind must disenthral itself from all Protestant control or influence in restricting religious culture and training in the education of Catholics. Meetings of a similar kind—county, provincial and national—are projected, and, we have no doubt, will be equally successful as the great meeting at Cork. Pastoral from the Archbishops of Dublin and Tuam, and from the Bishops of Meath and Clogher, just published, attest the unpopularity of the national system, and the determination of the Prelates to obtain free Catholic education. As we write, there is in the hands of the four Archbishops one of the most remarkable and important rescripts upon the subject of education that has ever emanated from the Holy See. The Propaganda, in proof of its solicitude and anxiety regarding the education of the Catholics of Ireland, gives a historical resume of the various bulls, rescripts and other official documents which it has forwarded upon this subject for the last century. It sets forth the unfavorable reports which have reached it respecting the working of the ordinary national schools, of model schools, and of the Queen's colleges, and refers to the projected scheme of inter-

mediate schools. The Archbishops are called on to reply to a series of categorical propositions in relation to those institutions, and, in so doing, to ascertain the opinions of their suffragan prelates, and inform the Holy See. Provincial Synods, and a council of the whole Irish Episcopate, are suggested, and we have reason to expect that a national meeting of the prelates will be held at the earliest possible moment. The gratitude and prayers of every Irish Catholic will, we doubt not, be freely and generously offered to the Holy Father for this additional proof that no domestic trouble, none of the weighty cares of State which he unobtrusively surrounded him, can abate his watchful zeal in protecting that faith which fourteen centuries since his predecessor in the pontifical chair sent St. Patrick to plant in Ireland. (Dublin Nation.)

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM ON MIXED EDUCATION.—In a letter to the author of "The Catholic case stated," a work on the educational war in Ireland, Archbishop MacHale makes use of the following language:

Some, from a serious examination of the principles of Mixed Education, might easily have seen the evils with which the National System was fraught, requiring only time for their mischievous development. Still, that important adjunct of truth, experience, which time brings its aid, is wanting on the part of every system, and though its future organic defects may be clearly ascertained from its germ yet the forebodings of the ruin which it may carry make but little impression on those who look not beyond the passing advantage of the day, and who, in the grave questions of morals as well as of politics, are sure to have ready the convenient maxim, "Let them alone, and give them a fair trial." Such are, generally, the arguments with which writers arguing on a priori reasons are met until the seminal principles for which a fair trial is sought, acquire, by the very trial, such strength and maturity as to bring it an arduous labor to eradicate the evil.

CATHOLICISM IN JAPAN.—A Protestant missionary of long experience in China, writes to The Independent concerning the efforts of Catholicism in the East: "The Roman Catholics are pouring in large forces—not into China (where they have missions in every province) but into Japan and Coochin China."

Monsignor Perry, Roman Catholic pro-vice at Canton, has arrived at Marseilles from Rome. This prelate, who has resided 22 years in the extreme East, has adopted the costume of a Chinese mandarin. His head is shaved, and he wears a long tail from the summit of the head. He will leave the above port for the Holy Land next week, and then return to his post.

A GENEROUS DONATION.—It gives us much gratification to learn that Lord Kilmahine has, with his characteristic generosity, granted the site for a new parish chapel at the Neel; and, further, promised a munificent contribution to help on the pious undertaking. To this princely offering on the part of Lord Kilmahine, we understand the respected parish priest, the Rev. E. Waldron, has added £100 as his own subscription, which, with another hundred at the hands of the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, will suffice to commence the good work. The people, we are confident, will do their part. [Mayo Telegraph.]

No War with Paraguay after all.

Peaceful Relations Re-established.

Our relations with Paraguay are once more peaceful, the cloud has blown over, and everything looks smiling and serene. Commissioner Bowlin has been successful in his mission, and our fleet will not have the glory of firing a hostile cannon or losing a single man. Their occupation's gone. The conferences between Lopez, Urquiza and Bowlin, which resulted so happily, were held in Ascension. General Urquiza, in a report addressed to the Argentine Government, congratulates himself on being instrumental in bringing about this desirable result. He says the Government of Paraguay was determined to make a hostile resistance, and had made preparations to defend the honor of the country to the last extremity. The inevitable consequences of such a war, however, afflicted him; he foresaw the destruction of commerce and industry it would occasion, and the miseries it would bring on an innocent people. He labored to inspire the Government of Paraguay with his own convictions that the Cabinet at Washington never intended to use their power for the destruction of Paraguay. He bears testimony to the humanitarian feelings with which Mr. Bowlin addressed himself to the policy of conciliation.

President Lopez has agreed to pay the required indemnity to the family of the man killed on board the Water Witch, and also to the company for whom Mr. Hopkins was agent, and so ends this trouble.

Religious Rights of Catholic Children in the Public Institutions of New York.

Petition of the Most Rev. Archbishop and over two thousand Catholics to the Board of Alms-House Governors.

The following petition was presented by Governor Townsend at the last meeting of the Board:

To the Governors of the Almshouse in the City of New York:

The undersigned, residents of the city of New York, composing a portion of your constituents and of the taxpayers of said city, having come to the knowledge of the facts hereinbefore mentioned, feel called upon by a controlling sense of duty to recall and represent to your honorable body:

That when children are committed to institutions by the public authorities, to be maintained and educated, the governors of such institutions are substituted for the deceased or impoverished parents of these unfortunate children, and assume and hold in their place a solemn and sacred trust, to the full and faithful performance of which their reputation as men and as Christians as Christians are pledged, and that the obligation thus incurred consists in doing unto these little ones as would have been the duty of their parents had they been living or able themselves to instruct them.

That it is an admitted duty of guardians, whether natural or appointed by law, to combine with the intellectual education of the children entrusted to their custody and care, a religious training. That in this community there is a large number of residents and citizens upon whom the principles and law-givers have entrusted such religious conscientious convictions, impose and enforce the pious and continuing duty of educating their offspring in the faith of their fathers, and of bringing them up, as they themselves have been brought up, in the service of God.

That many children, of parents of a like belief with these residents and citizens, are, from painful causes, which neither the undersigned nor the public control, to be at all times found within the institutions on Randall's Island, under the charge of your honorable body.

That such children are not permitted, except at sufficient and unsatisfactory intervals, to receive such religious teachings as their parents, if present, would import or approve; but, on the contrary, they are compelled to receive instruction from teachers of another religious belief, and are impressed with peculiar principles and doctrines which their ancestors looked upon as unsound and untrue, and which their parents neither believe in nor countenance.

The undersigned respectfully, but firmly, remonstrate against the continuance of this course, and submit that it is against the theory under which the law-givers have entrusted such children to the custody and control of your honorable body, and is violative of the very principle which authorizes the substitution of a public guardian in the stead of a parent.

The undersigned, therefore, would most urgently request that a change in the above course be speedily adopted, and that such arrangement be made by your honorable body as shall afford to each child in the above-mentioned institutions, whatever be his religion, such religious instruction and training as he would have enjoyed had the supervision and care of his parents been entrusted to him, so that he will not be placed by public authorities in this important and vital point of instruction in a lower or worse position than is occupied by those who have been brought up in the means and opportunity of being instructed in their faith in the house of their parents. And the undersigned will ever pray, &c.

JOHN TUGUES, Archbishop of New York.

JOHN KELLY.

RICHARD B. CONNOLLY.

And 2,144 others.

New York, Nov. 22, 1858.

In connection with the foregoing, Governor Townsend presented the following resolutions, which were laid on the table and ordered to be printed:

Resolved, That the children entrusted to the guardianship of this Board shall, in matters appertaining to religion, be placed on the footing of equal consideration and respect, so that all shall have equal and frequent opportunities of attending such special worship and instruction as shall be duly provided for by the several religious societies to which the children shall respectively belong; and that the children shall in no case be compelled or induced to attend any other form of worship or religious instruction whatever.

Resolved, That in the absence or default of such religious society, or of such provision thereby, the worship and instruction shall be conducted in such of the existing provisions as shall be designated by the parents or guardians of the children.

[Advertisement.]

108 YEARS APPROVED.—The longest known, the most considered and best understood are BEARDEN'S UNIVERSAL PILLS. Others may be equal but none are superior for cleaning the organs of the stomach and bowels. Millions have been cured by them, when the best physicians and other medicines have entirely failed. Their occasional use has saved many valuable lives. The appetite, the bilious and the full-bladder should never be without these Pills, in order to be resorted to when necessary calls, and more especially at this season of the year.

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[Advertisement.]

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He makes a durable Hat.
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METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and primarily with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and of all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor offers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, NOV. 8, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support."

Yours sincerely, in Christ,

JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This Journal will be published weekly at No. 271 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... \$3.00
 Price per year served by mail..... 2.50
 Price per copy, for six copies or more..... 2.00
 To Canadian subscribers THE RECORD will be served for \$3 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$3.50 for the same reason.

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 To transient advertisers..... 12 1/2 cents per line.
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No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 271 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNGAN & BRO.,

(JAMES B. KIRKE), Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1859.

THE CLOVEN FOOT IN A BOSTON SLIPPER.

We have read the decision of Mr. Justice Maine in the case of the boy who was tortured in the Eliot School because he would not recite the Decalogue in a style contrary to the teachings of his own religion. The Judge may be a very honest man, but his judgment in this case argues either a great deficiency of impartial rectitude or of judicial competency. He states the case as if he himself had been the teacher, or at least the witness of all that transpired. Of course, he does this on his construction of the evidence submitted to him, in which, however, he ignores the able, and as it should seem to most men, conclusive argument of the learned Counsel for the Prosecution, Mr. Sidney Webster. If the Judge were deficient in legal and constitutional knowledge, that solid argument might have been sufficient to improve his capacity. From his decision it would appear as if he himself were counsel on the other side. The short of all the matter is, that Catholic boys have neither constitutional nor legal rights under the laws of Massachusetts—since whatever may be the theory of the Constitution, and even the equity of the Statute law, both can be set at naught by a judge like Mr. Maine. He could not, however, in what may be called his argument rather than his judicial opinion, avoid giving certain facts which to all unbiased minds would seem conclusive.

Of course, he diverts attention from the real points of the case to vague allusions to public school laws and to the danger, forsooth, of a union between the Catholic Church and the State of Massachusetts. He appears to be nervous on that score, and he illustrates the danger by describing how the construction of the Suspension Bridge over the Niagara was commenced by attaching a little thread—"a tiny thread," he calls it—to a kite, from one bank of the river to the other. This was the beginning

of that bridge, and now, if little Wall had not been rattanned as he was, who knows but the Catholics by a similar metaphorical thread would have bridged the chasm between the Pope of Rome and the Legislature of Massachusetts.

The verbiage of this judicial decision surpasses anything of the kind that has ever come under our notice. A few points, however, his Honor could not in common decency omit to mention. He tells us, for example of the boy Wall, that

He was told by Mr. Mason that his father had requested him to make him repeat them, and if he did not, to punish him severely. Wall still refusing, was punished by the defendant with a rattan stick, some three feet in length, and three-eighths of an inch thick, by whipping upon his hands.

From the time when the punishment commenced to the time when it ended, repeated inquiries were made of Wall if he would comply with the requirements of the school. Some thirty minutes time was occupied in the whole. During this time there were several intervals, at two of which the defendant was absent from the room some little time.

The blows were not given in quick succession, but with deliberation. During the chastisement Wall was encouraged by others who told him not to give up. This was while the defendant was absent from the room.

The master ceased to punish when Wall submitted to the requirements of the school.

From the effect of the punishment Wall's hands were swollen; he was taken to the sink by the defendant twice and his hands held in water.

The physician who saw his hands in the afternoon of Monday and prescribed for them, after describing their appearance, says that he did not think the injury very severe; that at the time he thought he would recover from it in twenty-four hours.

From this learned and humane paragraph it would seem that the boy was obstinate, because his conscience forbade him to do wrong, but if at any period of the inhuman laceration to which he was subjected he had retracted and given up his conscience to the rules of the Eliot School, then the rattanning would have ceased. The Judge mentions, with apparent gravity, that the blows were not given in quick succession, but with deliberation. This remark is very significant. When the early martyrs were tortured by rack and wheel they could have ransomed their lives by offering a little incense to Caesar or some Pagan divinity. The rule in that case, as in this, was arranged with calm deliberation. The torture was not the impulse of immediate passion, but a systematic scheme whereby the martyr of Christianity was slowly tormented till, as it was hoped, his physical or sensitive nature should break down under his sufferings and force his will into a hypocritical act of apostasy.

The Judge tells us further that it was optional with the teacher to repeat the Lord's Prayer alone, without requiring the pupils to chant or *cant* it. Why did he not do so, since he must have known that many of the pupils had conscientious objections? He tells us that the same high tribunal required the pupils to learn the Commandments and repeat them once a week; but the Catholic children, as a matter of course, knew the Ten Commandments already, according to their own religious training. And the Eliot School of Boston must necessarily have taken upon itself the duty of teaching these Catholic children to unlearn what they had been taught in their own church and to learn something else. Is any such right found in the constitution of the State of Massachusetts?

Let us suppose for a moment that the Catholics were in a majority and the Protestants in a minority, the very reverse of what exists in the City of Boston, and let us suppose, after the Legislature had arranged matters in such a way that the majority should impose a Catholic form, not only as regards the Ten Commandments, but as regards everything else, on the Protestant minority, would Judge Maine consider that fair dealing? Let us suppose further, in the same hypothesis, that Judges should be appointed to carry

out the law in such a way that the oppressive law would be fitted to the Judge and the prejudiced Judge fitted to the law, and supposing some Catholic Judge should allow, or rather justify, the beating of a Protestant boy's hand, or rather both hands into swelling, not hastily done but, as Justice Maine says, with *deliberation*, what would be the opinion, we will not say of Catholics, for they would scout and scorn such a law and such a Judge, but of all men who inherit a reasonable portion of humanity? But the case is on the other side, and Catholics have only the right to suffer and submit; yet, if they do submit in such a case, they will hardly be worthy of the freedom which the constitution and the laws guarantee—in theory at least.

We have alluded to one hypothesis—we may as well take up another. Supposing young Wall had been a black boy in the South, and supposing Madame Stowe should have given him a place in her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and recited, not by any stretch of fancy, but in the simplicity of the Judge's own language, the tortures inflicted upon him just the same as in the Eliot school of Boston, but of course under other circumstances, would not the blood of the Puritans be stirred up with indignation? Would they not cry out "What a sin! what a cruelty!" Still they would have this mental reservation, that it did not happen in their midst, but only away off South, where their philanthropy could not effect much. Nay, even as it is, they would cry out, "Oh, what a sin!" were it done by another; but it does not appear that they have much regard for sins committed by themselves. If Wall had been a black boy it is probable he would have fared better, all the circumstances being the same, under the judgment of Justice Maine.

We drop his Honor's opinion and judgment with mingled disgust and contempt; but if anything had been wanting to open the eyes of Catholics as to the necessity of providing, however humbly, for the education of their own children, we think that the decision of Justice Maine will leave no pretext for doubt or hesitation in the future. The Constitution and laws, so-called, of the different States may impose taxes upon Catholics for the support of a system which they have had many reasons to distrust; to this imposition of taxes, of course, they must submit, but it is a hard necessity which requires Catholic parents to contribute funds for the education of youth, and, so far as their own children are concerned, for their perversion from the creed to which they belong. The remedy it is not our province to suggest, but the analogy is very clear and very simple. The majority in Massachusetts and in other States are Protestants, but they are not permitted to have a religion established by law, in the name of which Catholic parents may be insulted, and Catholic children seduced from their faith, or in the last alternative (as Justice Maine expresses it) to have their tender little hands beaten till they swell up—not by an impulse on the part of the teacher, but "with *deliberation*," till by cruel coercion they shall apostatize from their faith.

A SIGNAL FAILURE TO ESTABLISH A CHURCH.

Everybody knows that the law church establishment of England has never converted any distinct people, much less a nation, to Christianity, and all are equally well informed of the fact that her agents, clerical and lay, have interfered in almost every way with the faith and worship of nearly every nation under the sun, commencing with the Catholics of Ireland and ending with the Sepoys of Oude. Of late years we have, however, been told that if her clergymen were only permitted to erect churches and preach in the great

Catholic capitals of Europe, the most extraordinary results would follow, and that many Catholics would leave their own Church under the influence of their teaching.

The Emperor Napoleon afforded the establishment the desired opportunity of having inserted, a couple of years since, in the Consular Act existing between the two countries, full permission to the Bishops, the Government, or laity of England to buy or build, in Paris, a house to be dedicated and used as a church, according to the forms prescribed by law in the Protestant ritual. A building in the Rue d'Aguesseau was soon after fixed on for the purpose. The owner of the property offered it for sale for \$27,500, which was very cheap. The clergymen interested in the work immediately applied to Parliament for this sum, but the House of Commons refused to appropriate the public taxes, raised indiscriminately from Catholics and dissenters, to such an object, and declined acceding to the request.

The bench of Bishops in the House of Lords, and the members of Exeter Hall, were thus left to their own exertions, and at once put to the test on the subject. As ever has been the case, the Bishops would do nothing, because Parliament would not give the cash. No wealthy and fervent rector came forward with the money, and Exeter Hall appeared to be investing its funds unprofitably in Ireland. Under these circumstances, some English residents in Paris formed themselves into a committee in order to solicit subscriptions for the purchase money; and appeals were made through every available channel to all classes of English Protestants, during a year and a half.

The \$27,500 was not forthcoming, and the hundreds of thousands of British visitors who went over to the Continent during the time were equally lukewarm.

Under these circumstances the committee met on Friday, the 18th of February; reported that about \$10,000 had been subscribed; voted that the money be returned to the donors as far as known, and then separated. Thus the idea of having a Protestant Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, although sanctioned by Napoleon, utterly failed, owing to the want even of a semblance of religious vitality in that mammoth establishment which some few centuries since seized on the Catholic revenues dedicated to the support of the poor, and for purposes of education, and has ever since applied it to its own use.

MILITARY FORCES OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLDS.

The rumors of war which have reached this country by every mail from Europe, have naturally led to a comparison of the armed strength of the various nations and the material resources which each has to depend upon in the event of a general war upon the continent. As our readers are aware, the difficulty exists between France and Austria, Sardinia playing the part not of a go-between but of a fomentor of the dispute. However, we do not propose here to go into the details of the question which has so occupied the thoughts of men, and which threatened the peace, not of two or three nations, but of all Europe.

Up to the present time England, France, Austria, and other countries, have been engaged in strengthening themselves and preparing for a contingency that was considered not only possible but highly probable. France and Austria were particularly active in developing to the highest point the efficiency of their armies and navies, and little Sardinia took advantage of the occasion not only to parade her military force before the world, but to recruit her finances by the negotiation of a loan, which, after considerable trouble and misgiving,

she at last accomplished. The military genius of the old world, we are told, has produced inventions of the most marvellous character, inventions which, it is predicted, will create a complete revolution in our modern mode of warfare. Cannons have been invented of such extraordinary range that they will strike an object at the distance of five or six miles, and other projectiles have been improved to such an extent that no city can possibly sustain a lengthened siege against such terrible engines of destruction. But it is the great display of armed men to which the attention of Christendom is drawn, for there are no less than five millions of disciplined soldiers in Europe ready, if need be, to take the field. That is to say, the standing armies of the different countries of Europe amount in the aggregate to that number of men. Of these France alone has about six hundred thousand, Austria seven hundred thousand, Prussia five hundred and fifty thousand, England two hundred and thirty thousand, Russia over a million, Turkey about three hundred thousand, Spain eighty thousand, with a force of militia and reserves numbering half a million; Sardinia sixty thousand, Switzerland one hundred and fifty thousand, and so on in the other countries in proportion to their population and resources.

The naval forces of France and England are nearly equal, both in the number of guns and the efficiency of the two services. The two countries cannot, however, be considered as standing upon equal ground in regard to the availability of their forces, for while large draughts are made upon the standing army of England for the maintenance of her dominion in India and her scattered possessions all over the world, France, if necessary, could concentrate the great body of her army at any point within her limits in a few days. In this respect, she possesses a decided advantage over England. This remark is equally applicable to Austria, which, despite of the prediction that she was rapidly sinking into the position of a second-rate Power, has shown herself to be deficient neither in national dignity and self-respect, nor in men and the resources with which to support both the one and the other.

Now there are some who are of the opinion that all this great military parade on the part of France and England has another object in view, that they have, in fact, combined for no other purpose than the forced inauguration of their policy on this continent; that they have designs upon Central America, and that they are determined, if necessary, to force our government into an abandonment of the Monroe doctrine. In proof of this, they refer to the movements which have been already made in Central America, and particularly to the recent conduct of the Nicaraguan government itself. A new and deeper interest is thus given to the hostile preparations with which the Old World has resounded for months past. And it is under such circumstances that the relative military strength of both the Old and the New Worlds will be compared as affording the means by which to judge of the probable issue of such a contest. At the first glance, we certainly have nothing to boast of in such a comparison. We have no standing army worth mentioning, that is, in point of numbers; we have not one national ship to every twenty of France and England; and our steam marine, in particular, is miserably deficient. Thus far, the war account is against it, but there are other things which tell greatly on our side, and which would give a large balance in our favor if we are ever forced into a contest with any or all of the great European Powers combined. Our regular army

is about eighteen thousand strong, but in the event of a foreign invasion there are at least four millions of men in the country who are acquainted with the use of arms, and who, although but a portion belong to the various militia organizations throughout the different States, would in the course of a few months be as thoroughly drilled and as efficient as the regular troops. In fact, it is on our volunteers that we should be compelled to rely in such an emergency, under the skill and energy of our West Point graduates, whose military education and discipline is considered second to none that is afforded by the best military institutions.

A successful conquest of the United States may well be regarded as an utter impossibility, unless indeed through hostile dissensions among our own people—a calamity which all true citizens should pray to have averted from the land. There never was a nation more secure in its own strength, and while we act justly towards all the world, and are united, we have no reason to be fearful as to the result of a contest with any or with all of the European nations.

FRAUDS ON EMIGRANTS AND SETTLERS IN THE WEST.

We know of no class who are more subject to frauds and impositions of nearly every description, as the emigrant who has but arrived in the country, and the settler both in the near and far West. Our lawmakers, it is true, have made some efforts from time to time for their protection against the numerous army of harpies with which they are beset, but nothing effectual has ever been accomplished towards affording them that security which their ignorance of the country, or their overweening confidence in individual honesty, renders so necessary in their case. There are men in New York who have realized large fortunes from their fraudulent dealings with emigrants, and who have occupied prominent positions of public trust through the instrumentality of the means thus acquired. We know of nothing that reflects more strongly upon the inefficiency of our laws, and the indifference of our authorities, than the immunity which is afforded to the wrongs of which the emigrants are made the helpless victims, and there is no class which meets with less sympathy from those whose duty it is to afford them every protection against the tricks of dishonest officials, the swindling and sometimes brutal treatment of emigrant runners and ticket dealers, and the secret and open knavery of some emigrant boarding-house keepers. The treatment which the poor Irishman or German experiences on his first introduction into the country, is not of a character to impress him favorably towards the administration of the laws. We have known of cases in which poor emigrants from both countries have been defrauded of whatever money they had on entering it, and when they applied to the proper authorities, have been put off with an unsatisfactory reference of their case, or have been cheated out of their legal rights by the false swearing of witnesses suborned for the purpose.

Disgraceful as all this is to the administration of justice in our country, and injuriously as it reflects upon the character of some of our public officials, the injustice and wrong does not stop here, but follows the emigrant out to the West, where he is still further victimized by another set of harpies, the very counterpart of those he meets on his entrance into the country. There appears to be a regularly organized class of these, and lucky indeed is the emigrant who may bave the good fortune to escape from their clutches. The system they pursue is something similar to that

adopted by the Peter Funks, although the effects are generally more disastrous to the unfortunate victims of the fraud. The wrong in this case is generally perpetrated by a company which has been organized ostensibly for the sale of land, but which is really composed of a number of keen speculators and sharpers whose business is made up of the meanest and most contemptible devices for the entrapping of emigrants into the purchase of worthless land. An instance illustrative of this system has been made known to us by a respected and reverend friend in the Territory of Nebraska, and it is of a part with what we have heard from others in regard to the way in which the settlers in the West are defrauded. The deception is carried on somewhat after this fashion:

A company of these speculators having purchased several acres of land for a comparative trifle—land that is almost valueless for agricultural purposes—erect half a dozen shanties which they dignify with the title of a city, giving it some high-sounding and attractive name, and announce that it is for sale in lots at a price far below the value of the property. The announcement of the sale is always accompanied with a glowing description of the place, according to which it would seem to be inferior only to the Garden of Eden. The settler is delighted with the opportunity thus presented of securing for himself and family a comfortable and a happy home, and being further assured and encouraged still further by the statements of the speculators, buys the land, which he discovers when too late to be either utterly valueless to him, or not worth one-third of the price he paid for it. Hundreds are thus left destitute and without the slightest redress, for these are cases of fraud against which neither the law nor the lawmakers have provided an adequate remedy. How long this will remain so it would be difficult to say in view of the loose manner in which public affairs are conducted, but we trust that something will be done to put a stop to the gross outrages which are perpetrated upon the emigrant, that he may be really able to appreciate the fact that he is in a land of liberty—a land where the laws, which are supposed to be the expression of the will of the people, are not made without a purpose; where freedom does not degenerate into license, and where the dishonest cannot carry on their fraudulent practices on the unsuspecting with perfect impunity.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS RIGHTS IN PRUSSIA.—Very recently the Protestant Consistory of the Province of Prussia addressed a mandate, or church manifesto, to four vicars residing in the country, censuring them in very severe terms for having "sacrificed the interests of their beloved Church, whose bread they eat," and for "having caused a public scandal" by voting at the late election for Von Fortenbach, a member of the Catholic Church. Now, Von Fortenbach was fully qualified as a candidate for a seat in the Legislature, and the four clergymen were Prussian subjects exercising the right of franchise yet here we have an intolerant Synod condemning them because they did not use the franchise just as the Consistory directed.

However, one of the condemned clergymen, indignant at this attack on his common sense and conscience, defended himself openly, and the subject matter having been brought to the notice of the Lower House of Chambers, the *Rd.* Von Bethmann-Hollweg stated that the Government was engaged in inquiring into the facts, and that the Cabinet considered the issuing of such a monition highly improper.

If any Catholic prelate in the United States should, on the eve of an election, or after, forward any such paper to the humblest clergyman or poorest layman in his

Diocese, what a storm of indignation it would raise amongst the zealous opponents of the Catholic faith. We would hear on all sides of the "rights of American citizens invaded," "arrogant priestly assumption," and a thousand other such stereotyped phrases.

Yet the Consistory of the Province of Prussia, animated by the most narrow-minded bigotry, issues one of the most degrading mandates, openly in the face of Europe, to four of its clergymen, without any notice being taken of it in England, or any of the Protestant States of Germany.

We are indebted to the kindness of Hon. Gideon J. Tucker, Secretary of State of New York, for a copy of the last State Census.

CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH DURING HOLY WEEK.

An Explanation of their Origin and Character.

[Prepared expressly for the RECORD from Authentic Sources.]

The last week of Lent is full of sad and solemn memories, for in that week the Church commemorates the Sufferings and Passion of our Blessed Saviour. It is also called the Great Week, "because," says St. John Chrysostom, "of the great gifts which God bestowed in it." The Church, knowing how hateful tepidity and spiritual indifference is in the eyes of her divine Founder, takes advantage of this holy season to rouse the negligent and inflame the zealous with redoubled ardor; and how can she accomplish this object more effectually than by setting before her children a living picture, as it were, of the Passion of our Blessed Lord. Therefore, she is not content with reaching the mind through the ear, but she also appeals to the heart through the eye. Not only does she preach to the people on the memorable events of that week of sorrows, but she represents them in a material manner; as far as possible she places them before us in a palpable form, for while cultivating the mind and reason she does not neglect the feelings and the heart. For this purpose, then, to reach the soul through the eye, does the Church make use of the pathetic and affecting ceremonies peculiar to this "acceptable time." And who can stand within a Catholic church, no matter what his creed, and not be conscious of a feeling in unison with these? Who can look on the signs of mourning that meet the eye on every side and not recall the remarkable mystery of the Redemption?

As the Sunday preceding the death of our Lord witnessed his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and as that was a necessary preliminary to the Passion, the Church commemorates the event on Palm Sunday. The ceremonies appropriate to that day are touching and expressive. The palm, or olive, is blessed and distributed to the faithful in remembrance of the palm branches which the Jews strewed before our Saviour on his entrance into their city in triumph, and both have a mystical meaning. The palm has been always regarded by the Jews as an emblem of victory, and was carried by them in their triumphal processions, and the primitive Christians attached the same meaning to it, and as a token of victory engraved a palm branch on the graves of the martyrs. As the olive yields oil, and as oil is invariably used in the Holy Scriptures to typify spiritual grace and high privileges, it is used to represent a spiritual union. In the beautiful words of the prayer employed in blessing the branches we may say, "they made use of such things as should declare both the triumph of His victory and the richness of His mercy. And we also, with a full and perfect faith, retaining both the ceremony and its signification, humbly beseech Almighty God, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord, that by Him, and in Him, we too may gain the victory over the empire of death, and may deserve to be partakers of His glorious resurrection." The custom of blessing the palm has been observed in the Church from the earliest ages. In the fourth century it was well known in Italy, as is evident from documents of that age which have been preserved, and may have existed long before, as it did in the East.

In almost every church it is customary, after the palm has been blessed, to form a

procession for the purpose of representing our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem. When the procession returns to the church the doors are found closed, and the procession remains without, chanting a hymn. This concluded, the Sub-Deacon advances and strikes the door with the staff of the cross, on which it is immediately opened and the procession enters, the choir singing the gospel narrative of the event then being commemorated. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." How full of meaning is this ceremony!—the closed door reminding us of the gates of heaven barred against the descendants of Adam, and opened only by the sacrifice of the cross. In Paris the palms were formerly blessed without the precincts of the city; there the procession formed, and each member holding aloft this emblem of triumph, advanced to the city gates. Before the closed gates the procession halted, but only a short time, for it was no sooner struck by the cross than the gates were flung wide open, and the procession passed through. The Mass on Palm Sunday differs in one striking particular from the ordinary function of every higher festival, as on that day the history of the Passion is chanted or rehearsed in a peculiarly striking manner to the people. "The words of the sacred history are distributed between three parts; to the principal of the three are assigned the words of our blessed Lord, and no others; the second takes the narrative of the Evangelist; while by the third, whether singly or with others, are personated all the remaining speakers; whether St. Peter, the servant maid who recognized him, the high priest, &c., or the Jewish multitude, though sometimes the choir represent the multitude, thus making a fourth part. In this manner the Church endeavors to bring before her children the solemn sacrifice of the Cross, the dread mystery of the Redemption, and to impress on their minds each incident of the Passion of our Blessed Saviour from his appearance in the judgment-hall of Pilate to his giving up the ghost on Calvary. During the Mass no benediction is asked, no lights are borne before the book, no wreath of incense mounts upwards, no *Dominus vobiscum* is sung, and no *Gloria tibi Domine* is said. Why ask a benediction when the author of blessing is slain? why carry lights when "the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world" has been extinguished? how offer up incense when the worshippers have fled?—he struck the shepherd, and the sheep were scattered." The *Dominus vobiscum* is omitted, because by a salute the traitor Judas delivered up the Son of Man to an ignominious death, and the *Gloria tibi Domine* would ill express the grief of the faithful at seeing their Lord despoiled of his glory, dejected and contemned by all.

On the evening of Wednesday the office of the Tenebræ is celebrated for the first time. There appears to be some doubt as to the origin of this name, some authors asserting that it owes the name of Tenebræ or darkness to the hour at which it was performed in the early ages of the Church, and others from the darkness caused by the gradual extinction of the lights. The first opinion is held by Cardinal Wiseman, who says expressly that "the very office of Tenebræ is, in truth, no more than the midnight prayer of that early age;" and it is the regular Breviary office which the Church orders to be recited every day in the year by those who minister at her altars, and which on this day and the two following they recite together in public. This office consists of fourteen Psalms, and after each Psalm is recited, one of the fifteen candles arranged on the triangle at the epistle side of the sanctuary is extinguished; as are likewise the lights on the altar, while the *Benedictus* or canticle of Zachary is being recited; at the conclusion of that prophetic song, the lighted candle at the apex of the triangle is taken down and concealed under the altar at the epistle side. The *Miserere* is then chanted or recited, a silent prayer is offered up by the assembled multitude, at the end of which a sudden noise is heard, reminding us of the Convulsion of Nature when its Author died.

In some churches the practice differs slightly from what we have described: for instance, the candles are put out at once instead of gradually, and in many churches in Rome a hand made of wax, to represent that of Judas, is used to extinguish them.

Maundy Thursday, the day on which the Church celebrates that wondrous sacrament of

love, the Holy Eucharist, derives its name from the *Mandatum*, or command given by our Saviour for washing the feet, a command strengthened by His own example: "For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you do also." On this day the draperies of the altar and the vestments of the priests are white, not purple as they have been for some time past, for purple is the penitential color of the Church, and to-day she cannot choose but rejoice for a few short hours, in remembrance of the institution of this Adorable Sacrament, "which comes as a passing gleam of heavenly light to relieve the general darkness of this solemn season." This day the *Gloria in excelsis* is heard, for though the Church mourns over the sufferings of her Lord, yet does she feel a thrill of holy exultation at this unspeakable proof of His love. On this day also the clergy receive Holy Communion from the hands of the officiating priest, for in order to represent more vividly the great celebrations of these tremendous mysteries, and the first distribution of them by the Great High Priest alone, the Church allows only one priest in each church to say Mass. As it is the universal practice to strip the altar of all decorations and leave it bare and desolate-looking for Good Friday, it becomes necessary to remove the Blessed Sacrament to some fitting receptacle. It is accordingly conveyed in procession to the "Sepulchre," a name given by the piety of the people to its temporary resting place. On the return of the procession the altar is stripped of its clothing, the choir singing the appropriate and expressive antiphon: "They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture they cast lots."

Good Friday, the Church commemorates the death of our Redeemer: for this day the seven weeks of Lent have been a preparation, to this day the solemn ceremonies of Holy Week have been tending, and to this day they owe their significance. Would it not jar with the feelings of Christians to see the churches and altars decked out on such a day as if for high festival? Assuredly it would. But well do these desolate altars, these mourning garments, and these shrouded pictures harmonize with the character of the day. The clergy are in black, "as when one mourneth;" no candles are borne before them, and no incense breathes perfume through the sanctuary. Certain portions of the Holy Scriptures are read first, the prophetic passages in the Old Testament referring to the Passion, then St. John's narrative of that event—the only Evangelist present at the scene he describes—recited in the touching manner we have mentioned when treating of Palm Sunday. In the functions of this day there is one peculiar feature which distinguishes it from every other, we allude to the Adoration of the Cross. This custom had its origin in Jerusalem, and was first introduced when the Empress Helena discovered the Cross of Christ in his rocky sepulchre near that city. The term "adoration," then, and for many centuries afterwards, meant "veneration," nothing more, and therefore was the term fitly applied to that act of reverence which our separated brethren decried without understanding. Cardinal Wiseman, a reference to this word, observes, "it would be as foolish in us to change the word, because others have changed its meaning, as it would be for the Anglicans to alter the marriage rite where the bride and bridegroom declare, that with their bodies they worship one another, because the Presbyterians, or rather Independents of Cromwell, would have worship paid to no man, or because in modern speech, the word is restricted to divine service." And Bishop England, speaking of this ceremony, and the emotions it excites says, "On what occasion could they be more properly and rationally indulged, than when, on this day, the Church exhibits to us a commemorative emblem, to absorb our mind in the contemplation of the affectionate sacrifice made by the Son of God for miserable sinners. Can it be, that while we are penetrated with the vast importance to ourselves individually of this atonement, we shall be restrained by the mockery of reason in the coldness of calculation, from approaching with sorrow and gratitude blending in adoration, to the very foot of that emblem itself, there to lift the mind to that heaven which contains Him, whilst here we kiss the symbol of that cross upon which He died. Forbid it, every generous feeling! Forbid it, every sentiment of pure religion! Can the adoration of the bleeding God be called idolatry? After the

Collects the Cross is uncovered, the priest and his assistants repeating, "Behold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the salvation of the world," the choir answering, "Come, let us adore." The crucifix is then laid upon the ground before the altar, and the clergy and laity approach in succession, and kneeling three times before the image of the Crucified, kiss it with devout reverence. This is the Adoration of the Cross, and when the people have participated in the ceremony the Cross is replaced on the altar, the candles are lighted and the Blessed Sacrament is carried from the Sepulchre in which it was deposited the day before, and the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified is offered up. Can any ceremony bring to mind more forcibly the events that occurred in Judea eighteen hundred years ago? What more calculated to excite lively sentiments of devotion than thus in spirit to follow the Saviour through all His sufferings, and with His Blessed Mother, His beloved Disciple, and the penitent of Magdala, prostrate ourselves at the foot of the Cross? How can they who would mourn for a departed friend, and cherish with sorrowful affection a representation of a beloved countenance, cavil at the outward signs by which the Church expresses at the same time her affliction and her undying love?

In the evening of Friday the solemn office of Tenebræ is repeated in the same manner as on Wednesday and Thursday, which we have already described.

It is impossible to over-estimate the beneficial effects of Lenten observance. Condensing within its bounds and commemorating, as it does, the wonders of the Redemption, recurring yearly, too, and forcing the worldliness and most pre-occupied minds to revert, no matter how transitorily, to its object and origin, its meaning and spirit, we repeat, it is impossible to over-estimate its beneficial influence.

THE INFIDELITY OF THE DAY.

A Sermon by Cardinal Wiseman.

Delivered at St. Mary's, Moorfields, England, March 20.

On Sunday evening, the 20th ult., Cardinal Wiseman commenced a series of four sermons at St. Mary's, Moorfields, on "Some broad and simple Principles on which to meet the Infidelity of the Day." There was a very large congregation. His Eminence said: "Suppose that we see in a conspicuous place in the midst of a vast plain, a tree to all appearance green, flourishing and beautiful; its roots seem to be deeply sunk into the ground, and to give a firm foundation to that which is growing on the soil; its trunk is fair, tall and well-shaped, and to all appearance strong and solid; while its branches, spreading in every direction, afford shelter and shade and refreshment to all who gather round the tree. It is also covered with beautiful flowers, and may produce abundance of fruit. But if you were told that at its very root there was, day and night, gnawing a poisonous insect, insignificant, perhaps, in size, weak, almost powerless, but drawing a poison from every part of the soil around, which gives an unnatural vigor and a fatal destructiveness to the action of its insignificant serrated mouth; if it was known that fibre by fibre the very support and nourishment of that plant was being gnawed away, changed, corrupted; and if, at the same time, you saw those to whom was committed the care of this splendid plant, the husbandman, the gardener, thinking of nothing but how he might make its branches extend more widely, and add additional beauty to its bloom, would not all men at once condemn this species of husbandry, and think that it was a mark almost of a demented mind to be satisfied with that outward show, and take no pains to arrest the progress of destruction at the root? Now in this country, where Christianity was supposed, and perhaps believed, to have its firmest hold—where its roots were ostentatiously pronounced to have taken such a firm hold, not merely on the institutions of the country, but upon the hearts of its people, that it could not be eradicated—the process just described was daily going on. In the very midst of this land, the central rallying point of the hopes and thoughts of millions—there arose the beautiful trunk of this plant, fair to behold, as yet untouched by symptoms of decay, considered not only the growth of centuries, but sure to remain for thousands of years still, spreading itself throughout the entire nation, and sending its influence to the most distant regions; there were those societies that considered it their glory, their privilege, their duty, to make this religion

known to the most distant lands, to cause it to spread and flourish like the prophetic vine; and all this was a matter of congratulation, of exultation, of absolute boast, ay, and a boast united with contempt for aught else. And we believe that the religion of the Bible, the Word of God, is to be propagated, to be carried from the great and magnificent shaft which it presents in this country to the extent not only of our conquests and of our power, but beyond this to wherever our science, our learning and our commerce may reach. Now, was it wise in those to whom the care of this plant had been committed, to spend all their attention upon extending its branches, when poisonous insects were working at its root? No one could doubt that there were means employed on every side to diffuse the spirit of unbelief amidst every class of society. Men of education knew where to look for the antidotes which had over and over again been applied to the poison of infidelity; and men of thought and science, who were called on to give their own intellects, could discover the fallacy of the arguments that were used, the feebleness of the objections that were made, the worthlessness of the instruments that were employed to overthrow and destroy the Christian revelation. He did not, therefore, speak of these men, but of the multitude of poor living little power to reason or to reply when attempts were made to pluck the faith from their hearts. We saw the noble and the learned uniting in efforts for distributing Bibles in China and India, and found vast sums of money contributed willingly and readily for carrying on the work of the Christianizing mission, to what is called the heathen; but when there came forth learned treatises from those very bodies who were supposed to be the guardians of the treasure, instead of endeavoring to counteract the poison at work, and to eliminate it from the social body, the scope and object of their very writings is to maintain certain theories at the expense of the Bible. They put aside one in the hope of securing the other. Like shipwrecked men, they threw overboard not only what they can spare, but even that which is necessary for the right direction of their ship. In their utter despair they throw away their rudder and their compass, by which alone they could be steered and guided. Within the last few years book after book had come from the pens of professors in the Church of England, utterly denying the Old Testament, and affirming that Christianity can be held without it; or completely setting aside whatever is miraculous in the narrative of the New, or rejecting inspiration altogether. But he had not discovered that any effort had been made by those who were the appointed guardians of the truth to furnish a remedy for the evil. This was the object of the present and the three succeeding lectures, which, as the pastor of that flock, he had felt it his duty to deliver, after pondering upon what was the curse of the day—in employing the opportunity which the Church had put into his hands at this Lenten season. He proposed to develop some simple, broad, intelligible principles, by which the attacks of modern infidelity may be repelled, which might form a new or rejected ground in which the simple and unlettered Christian might secure himself and be able to ward off the attacks of those who would draw him from his stronghold in order to wound and destroy him. The favorite weapons of those who assault revelation were sarcasm, ridicule and abuse, but to these the defender of revelation could not have recourse. He must meet the facts and arguments largely in Partisan warfare; they discharge their weapons and fly; they take their chance of a random shot, and do not hesitate even to deal out ruthlessly foul names against those who believe. In their speeches and writings they showed no respect for the feelings of others. They considered it perfectly lawful to cast ridicule upon events which are as histories in the creeds of the greater part of men in the civilized world. But the Christian could not reply thus: he will scorn these weapons. The subject was too grave for him to try the conflict as merely one of words, or by-words, still less of foul words—as far as possible that which will give offence must be avoided. This must be a first principle in opposing infidelity; do not consider that victory consists in exhibiting mere keen wit, in cutting down an adversary by a smart repartee. They must look upon the infidel as one who is in delusion, and treat him with kindness, endeavoring to bring him to reason. That which is reasonable cannot be put down by the keenest wit, nor the most relentless species of ridicule; as witness the existence, at this day, of the Royal Society, and the services it had rendered to science, and there was no power of sarcasm in the country now like that with which the Royal Society was assailed. The same weapons were used by the men of the Voltairean school to push down Christianity in France. They put religion herself under the guillotine, destroying whatever could recall to mind that there had ever been a Christianity. But where are the efforts of those men now? Christianity was like a plant cut down to the very root, but the root itself they could not destroy nor remove, and it has sprung up again afresh; and religion in France was now established, not so much by the civil power, but in the minds of the people; and it had now

a stronger hold upon them than ever it had before. No system yet had been overthrown by ridicule, therefore fear it not. Passing on, after further considering this aspect of the subject, his Eminence remarked that it was not enough for infidelity to destroy, it also must build up, if it would hope for success in its mission. Men had a right to ask those who had assailed Christianity for a better system to put in its place; and it was a remarkable fact, which all history proved, that no system of religion ever had been destroyed without the substitution of another, and that without the substitution of a principle; it came to men, and said, "I will take what you have, but will give you nothing in return." But no wise man would give up his faith in Christianity on such terms. All science, as well as religion, demanded that there should be no creating of a vacancy; that when one system of thought was superseded, its place should be filled up with something truer and better. This part of the subject was largely illustrated by the progress of discovery, especially in the department of astronomy. It was then elaborately shown that Christianity is a system of positive moral, as well as religious truth, and supplied the place of life such as no system of infidelity had ever propounded to the world. All that was good, moreover, in the morality of modern infidelity, could be proved to have been derived from Christianity itself; and it presented no ground whatever for the giving up of a positive system like that of the Gospel for a mere set of negative opinions which would leave a man nothing, and would be his ruin; for he who lived without faith should die without hope. The infidel should be reminded, when he made his attacks on Christianity, that it was a power in the earth, and not a mere set of doctrines; that it had existed for eighteen hundred years, and was standing among the greatest institutions of the world, and in every part of it where anything like civilization existed. And it could only be destroyed by the destruction of all these institutions and social habits and customs to which it has given birth, as the Pagan systems of Egypt, Greece, and Rome were only indicated by the very destruction of those cities and the rooting up of those institutions on which the Pagan ideas depended, and which had given them birth. But if this were done, everything that we hold most dear, and that are our safeguards and our happiness for this life, as well as of the life to come, must be all given up. So that the general reception of the principles of infidelity would necessarily lead to a state of social and moral anarchy. How, then, could we ever be civilized in the world no man knew. The real facts which led to the establishment of any system of truth was scarcely ever known. It was a thousand to one that the great, or what we call great events, had never been recorded. Writers on the evidences narrated the simple means and process by which Christianity was propagated and received, but these did not tell the real story, only a part of it, for there were events and influences beneath the surface, which we did not see, that had been unspeakably more powerful than those we did know something about. There were no reasons which could be urged against Christianity by any man who had not been first a Christian, the arguments against Christianity being taken from Christianity itself, and they were such as could not have been made by a Pagan, and, therefore manifestly infirm. Meeting the objections of the infidel in this spirit and manner, Christian truth would not only stand, but would prove to themselves that this infidelity had nothing in it so very formidable after all, and that it was a system of which any man might well be ashamed.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN THE ELLIOT SCHOOL, BOSTON.

Decision of Justice Maine.

Justice Maine has at length delivered his decision in the case of the complaint of the father of young Wall against Cook, the sub-master of the Elliot School, Boston, for assault and battery. The judgment which he has rendered acquits the schoolmaster, Mr. Maine having decided that the punishment inflicted was not excessive, although there was evidence showing that the boy was beaten on his hands with a rattan for thirty minutes. We have not room for the whole of the decision, but we give in the following the material portions of it:

From the argument it is understood that in this case there were conflicting rights, the rights of conscience of the scholar, the rights of the parent over him, and the rights of the defendant as master, and that these rights are to be upheld by compromises. What the compromise is to be the Court is not informed.

Can it be that those pupils whose religion teaches them that the Bible is the word of God, the Bible is the only true record of the Scriptures, be permitted to read and repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments from their own Bible? Grant the request, and what follows?

It is enacted by statute "that the School Committee shall have direct power to purchase and use in any of the town schools any school books which are calculated to favor the tenets of any particular sect of Christians."

So by such a compromise, we see the very thing would be done which is now complained of, that of favoring the tenets of a particular religion.

Is the compromise to be that of a division

of the school moneys, allowing separate schools to be carried on in accordance with religious views?

Our Constitution says that no money raised by taxation for the support of schools shall ever be appropriated to any religious sect, for the maintenance exclusively of its own schools.

The last point for the consideration of the Court is, was the offence one which required punishment, had the master the right to inflict corporal punishment, and if he had, was the punishment excessive, or inflicted through malice?

The apparent magnitude of the offence depends somewhat upon the stand-point from which it is viewed. From one aspect, it appears to be of the most innocent and simple nature.

A child desired the privilege in school of reading the Commandments from his Bible, the only one that his religion would allow him to read. It would seem to a generous mind tyrannical to deny so simple and innocent a request, and it would indeed be so, were that the whole of the matter.

That most wonderful specimen of human skill and human invention, the Suspension Bridge, that spans the deep waters at Niagara, with strength to support the heaviest engines with cars laden with their freight and defying the whirlwind and the tempest, is but the perfection of strength from the most feeble beginning. A tiny thread was but safely secure across the abyss, and final success came, and the tiny thread became a bond interlarded, until iron cables bound opposite shores together.

May not the innocent pleading of a little child for his religion in school, if granted, be used like a silken thread, to first pass that heretofore impassable gulf which lies between Church and State, and when once secure, may not stronger cords be passed over it, until the Church and State are bound together forever?

As for the right of inflicting punishment in schools by the teacher, it has been conceded ever since our schools were established, if in severity it does not exceed the nature and extent of the offence, and is not inflicted in haste, or with malice on the part of the teacher. The case finds that the father of Wall had requested that he should be kept in school and made to repeat the Commandments, and that he should be punished severely if he refused.

It was not necessary that the father should give his consent to the infliction of reasonable punishment, neither can the teacher justify an excessive punishment by authority from the father.

The parent cannot delegate a power that he does not possess, and as he could not punish his child severely without a sufficient cause, could the teacher do it without sufficient cause. The nature and extent of the punishment have already been considered. It now becomes necessary to look at the provocation.

The mind and the will of Wall had been prepared for insubordination and revolt by his father and the priest. His refusal to obey the commands of the school was deliberate. His offence became more aggravated by reason of many others acting in concert with him, to put down the authority of the school. The extent of the punishment was left as it were to his own choice. From the first blow that fell upon his hand from the master's rattan to the last that was given, it was in his power to make every one the last.

He was punished for insubordination, and a determination to stand out against the lawful commands of the school. Every blow given was for a continued resistance and a new offence. The offence and the punishment went hand in hand together. The punishment ceased when the offence ceased.

By this the Court is not to be understood as justifying the inflicting of punishment upon a scholar so long as he holds out against the commands of the school. The punishment must not be extended beyond the limits of sound discretion, and this every master must decide at his peril.

In this case the punishment inflicted when compared with the offence committed, and all the attendant circumstances as they appeared upon the trial, was neither excessive nor inflicted through malice by the defendant.

DUTY OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.—The Sixty-ninth Regiment (National Cadets), N. Y. S. M., assembled for drill and improvement on last Friday evening, April 8, at the City Armory, in full uniform, with overcoats. The command was given up to Major Nugent, in the absence of Col. Ryan, by Lieut. Flood of Company A, Acting Adjutant for the evening, at 8 o'clock precisely. The Major then exercised the men in the Manual of Arms, in which they showed themselves proficient. The Regiment was after this divided into two battalions and exercised separately, in deploying, marching by companies, &c., until 10 o'clock, when the parade was dismissed. The attendance was not as large as on former occasions, and one whole company were, we learn, absent, (Company B, Capt. Coddington), caused, we are told, by the non-service of the notices in proper time; however, there were 175 men present, and they made up for the slim attendance by the excellence of their drill.

CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS OF OUR METROPOLIS.

St. Vincent's Hospital in West Eleventh-St., under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

St. Vincent's Hospital was first opened under rather unfavorable auspices in November, 1849. The necessity of such an institution has long been felt; but as sufficient means were wanting for carrying out such an arduous and somewhat hazardous undertaking, its establishment was delayed from year to year, until at last the necessity of it became so apparent, that an effort to establish it was resolved upon. Accordingly a three-story dwelling house in Thirtieth street was rented and so arranged as to accommodate thirty patients. This house was placed under the charge of the Sisters, who thus began, in a small and humble way, their work of charity. It needed but a short time to make known the existence of such an institution, and patients flocked to it not only from the City but also from all the neighboring parts.

Very soon the accommodations became insufficient for the number of applicants seeking for admission. The dwelling adjoining was therefore rented and fitted up as an hospital. With these two buildings accommodations were afforded for seventy beds, all of which were soon occupied by patients suffering with the various diseases to which the human frame is subject.

For a few years these buildings were sufficient to accommodate all who applied. But as the institution became better known and appreciated, even these were found inadequate, and it became necessary to procure larger and more commodious buildings. Accordingly they rented the building which they now occupy, situated in West Eleventh street, near Seventh avenue, and formerly known as the Catholic Half Orphan Asylum. This building, after undergoing extensive alterations and repairs, together with the addition of a large wing, was furnished with all the modern improvements and conveniences, and opened for the reception of patients in April, 1866. The Hospital, as it is at present, contains 125 beds, with ample room for more if necessary. Connected with and belonging to the Hospital are several vacant lots which have been arranged for the convenience and recreation of those patients who may be considered sufficiently convalescent to enjoy the fresh air in fine weather. The Hospital also contains several spacious and comfortable private apartments, where ladies and gentlemen, especially strangers in the city who may chance to be stricken with sickness during their sojourn, can find united to all the conveniences of a first-class hotel, the advice and services of the first physicians and surgeons of the city, and what is even of still more importance, the kind and untiring attention and nursing of the Sisters, whose great study is the comfort and welfare of those committed to their charge.

This Hospital, like all other institutions of the kind, consists of a medical and surgical division, each of which is under the care of skillful and experienced gentlemen of the profession. Connected with the surgical department there is an operating theatre, which, in point of light and accommodations for the operator, cannot be excelled by any in the city. It is now nine years in existence, during which time it has received and treated over five thousand patients. It is self-sustaining, receiving no aid from the city or State, and was not incorporated until the 13th of April, 1857. Although a Catholic institution, its doors are ever opened to the afflicted of all denominations, who may be attended by their own ministers if they desire it. The friends of the patients are permitted to visit them every Tuesday and Friday.

The following gentlemen attend daily at the Hospital, and compose the Medical Board:

Consulting Surgeon and Physician—Professor Valentine Mott.

Visiting Surgeons—William H. Van Buren, M. D., Alexander B. Mott, M. D., Thomas C. Fennell, M. D.

Visiting Physicians—William Murray, M. D., James O'Rourke, M. D., Thomas Buttsell, M. D.

House Surgeon and Physician—Joseph S. Kerrigan, M. D.

The situation of the Hospital is a most favorable one, being in a central location, on high and dry ground, and in a retired neighborhood, yet easy of access. Although there is a nominal sum charged for board, medical

attendance, &c., still many are taken free. Most of the medicines dispensed in the establishment are made by the Sisters, according to the rules laid down in the United States Dispensary; and the Physician when prescribing can rest assured that the patient will receive unadulterated medicine, and that every direction which he may think necessary to give will be scrupulously carried out by the Sister in charge.

The working of the Institution, under the kind and benevolent management of the Sisters, was at first but little understood by those for whose benefit it was mostly intended. But it is gratifying to perceive that it is daily becoming more known and appreciated, and we hope that in due course of time an hospital will be erected, working on a broad and substantial basis, and which will be an ornament to the Metropolis of the Western World.

This Institution is in most respects entirely different from all other establishments of the kind. It is under the direction of a Religious Community of ladies, who have renounced the pleasures of the world, and who seek for no earthly reward, but who are actuated by love for their Divine Lord and Master. It is a pleasing sight to behold these Sisters performing their daily labors—soothing the sufferings of the afflicted—cheering the desponding ones, and teaching the impatient to bear with fortitude and resignation the ills with which they have been afflicted. Night and day they watch unceasingly, with sleepless eye, over the couch of sickness, heedless of danger, unmindful of fatigue, cheering the sufferer, and, if his sickness is not beyond the reach of human skill, inspiring him with a hope that cheers him through the trying period of his sickness; but if the case be hopeless, breaking the sad tidings by degrees, making the passage to the grave more smooth and tranquil, and by their words of hope and consolation, depriving death of many of its most bitter pangs.

It is much to be regretted that the means at the disposal of the Good Sisters are not commensurate with their benevolent desires, and that they are obliged, for this reason, though most reluctantly, to deny admission to many whom they might otherwise be enabled to relieve. As it is, a very considerable number are supported wholly at the expense of the Institution, and in addition to the medical aid and treatment which they gratuitously receive, are even furnished with articles of clothing. To meet all the demands that are made upon the benevolence of the Sisters is next to an impossibility, except through the aid of the benevolent portion of the community, on whom we trust these remarks will not be without their proper effect. And here we may state that in order to afford more accommodations to the poorer classes of patients who apply for assistance, the Sisters propose that the friends and patrons of the Institution should lend their assistance in the following manner: It is proposed that clubs should be formed, consisting of twelve members, each member agreeing to subscribe ten dollars. The amount thus raised by each Club would secure one free bed for a year, and as many of these Clubs could be established in this way, an incalculable amount of good might be accomplished. For those who have the time and the means at their disposal to devote to such a truly benevolent purpose, this certainly affords a noble opportunity. There are many, we have no doubt, in New York, who will lend the Sisters a helping hand, and through whose exertions a still more extended field may be opened for the exercise of those Christian duties to the performance of which they have devoted their whole lives.

We have as yet said nothing of the interior of the Hospital, or of its arrangements for the treatment of the patients. We prefer to leave that for another article, when we shall endeavor to explain more in detail the nature of the work which the Sisters are called upon to perform, and of the government of the Institution under their care.

The Very Rev. Maurice Fitzgibbon, late P. P., of Killinane, and V. F., left by his last will the following charitable bequest: For the building of a school-house in the parish of Ardpatrick, the sum of £10; for the building of a school-house in the parish of Meeleck, the sum of £20; for the Sisters of Mercy in Limerick, the sum of £20; for the poor of Killinane and Ardpatrick, £20.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A CARD.—We open the Spring and Summer Retail Trade with a Stock of ready-made Men's and Boys' Clothing, which is already attracting great attention on account of the large variety and extent of the many new and desirable styles of garments we have this season manufactured, and the very moderate prices at which we have marked them down.

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POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via SOUTHAMPTON and BREMEN, per steamer NEW YORK, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 16th day of April, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

sl6 BRADY V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

DUTCH LAUNDRESSES.—The Dutch possessed the art of washing, bleaching and doing up linens, long before it was understood in England. During the reigns of Charles I. and II., and as lately as that of Queen Anne, many English families used to send their household and family linen all the way to Holland to be washed and bleached. Frequent mention of this fashion is made in the comedies written about these periods. The Dutch used to pride themselves upon the beauty and coarseness of their linen, and we may add, their china, in which articles many families have been known to expend several thousand pounds. The laboring classes were wont, in those days of Dutch prosperity, to partake largely of this national pride; and few mechanics could be found who would sit down without having a damask napkin to hang before him. Perhaps it is not generally known that the names of some of our finer tissues are derived from places in or near Flanders. *Diaper* is a corruption of D'Ypres, and *Cambric* is from Cambray.

Appropos to the Goose.

Dear Uncle, accept our best thanks For your very nice Michaelmas treat, Such a beautiful bird I ne'er saw— So tender, so young, and so sweet! My wife and myself both declare, Since we tried the hymenial noose, We ne'er before clasp'd our eyes On so fine, so delicious a goose.

The boys are all well. Little Sam is a Solomon quite of his age; Such a mimic! We've serious thoughts Of bringing him up to the stage. He already takes of you and aunt, Her way of exclaiming "the doose!" He can imitate cocks, hens and ducks, Appropos—many thanks for the goose.

Our eldest we've christened at last, After you and my uncle at York— John James Paul Ralph George Job Giles Mark; And Eliza's beginning to talk. Little Arthur has lost a front tooth, And another is getting quite loose. They both want to know when you'll come; And thank you, dear sir, for your goose.

Little Hal's as like you as two peas, So lively, so smart, and so jaunty! And dear little Emily Ann

Is grown quite the moral of aunt Selma's translating in French The voyage of Mister Perouse; And Amelia has knit you a purse; And thank you, dear sir, for the goose.

Little Ellen's begun to sol fa, And her master, the Chevalier Baull, Declares that he never yet heard

Child sing so exceedingly small. Little Tom's quite a sportsman become, He has caught a young hare in a noose, And sends you the skin to be stuff'd; And thank you, dear sir, for the goose.

Your godson's beginning to draw— You remember the rogue—little Mike? He has chalked you and aunt on the wall, And really they're laughably like, Such spirits I never yet saw;

He's just like a tiger let loose; And Sue means to work you a screen; And thank you, dear sir, for the goose.

Your museum, I hope, goes on well; But, uncle, take care of your eyes; And pray don't, with microscope, look So much at these very small flies.

I send you the horn of a deer— I believe it's a species of moose— And the quill of a real black swan; And thank you, dear sir, for the goose.

I hope you ride out every day— It's the first thing on earth for the health, Without which, as I've oft heard you say, What's honors, and station, and wealth?

But, dear uncle, pray never more mount That wild thing you bought of Lord Roose; But you are so exceedingly bold! Did I thank you before for the goose?

P. S.—Can you lend me ten pounds "Till Christmas? My lease is just out, And I've no one to fly to you;

Dear sir—by the bye, how's your gout? The interest, of course, I shall pay, Five per cent—is your cough getting loose?

You can send it post-paid, and dear Nunks, Many thanks for that duck of a goose!

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—A story so illustrative of the theory of chance is just causing great excitement amongst the aristocracy of the Faubourg, and is so curious that, as the common talk of the hour, it ought to be made known. There exists in the Faubourg St. Germain an old Marquis de G—, whose father was the last Introducer des Ambassadeurs, an office which has not been renewed since the Revolution. The old nobleman, although long past the fatal three score years and ten, which before homeopathy, was considered the allotted age of man, has the most perfect memory and keenest sense of enjoyment, and loves now and then to set both his moral and physical house in order by regulating his souvenirs and disposing of his papers, in order to prevent confusion in the future. The other day, while employed in the search of some parchment relating to the ancient and supposed extinct house of Des Rieux, he had spread a quantity of papers upon his bureau, and was reading aloud from one after another, as old people are apt to do. On one of these he lingered longer than the rest, and murmured from it whole sentences, which seemed to arrest the attention of the little servant maid, who was just then occupied in dusting the room.

"Copy of agreement," read the Marquis, "between George Plumart, Marquis des Rieux, and—"

But he was not allowed to proceed; the little *bonne*, throwing down her *plumeau*, rushed to his side, exclaiming:

"George Plumart! George Plumart! Why, that's my husband's name! What of him?"

But the old Marquis, in no humor to be disturbed, continued his reading, after having answered her sharply by the old French proverb:

"There is more than one donkey in the market whose master calls him Martin."

But the little *bonne* stood stock still, while the Marquis read; and when he came to the name of the estate of which he was owner, the chateau of which he was master, and the village of which he was seigneur, she could contain herself no longer, but throwing her arms around the neck of the Marquis, and kissing him on both cheeks, she called him her preserver, her deliverer, and to the utter amazement of the old Marquis, rushed from the house, leaving his room half dusted, and his little chops frizzling on the fire!

In a little while she returned, however, with her husband, just as the Marquis had noted down the Des Rieux among the extinct nobility of France. To the discomfiture of the Marquis, considering the delay occasioned by the visit to his *menage* and his mutton chops, George Plumart, with the tone and bearing, as well as the costume, of a coachman of *bonne maison*, began a story which promised to be both confused, intricate and long; but before he had proceeded far, the Marquis, forgetful of the dust upon the furniture and the chops upon the fire, had grown so interested in the tale, that he had seated himself once more at his bureau, and began noting in pencil the parchment before him.

Before two o'clock that afternoon, the Marquis, by help of the archives at the Hotel de Soultise, had proved to his own perfect satisfaction that the present Marquis des Rieux—to whom, of right, belong chateaux, villages, and estates on the banks of the Loire, who is Hereditary Grand Master of this, and Chief Officer of that—was no other than the George Plumart, wearing the livery of the Countess d'A—, and acting in the capacity of coachman to that lady!

Since that day steps have been taken, and measures entered into, in order to restore the remnants of the once splendid fortune of the Des Rieux into its proper channel; but meanwhile, with that good sense which characterizes the French people in the midst of all their follies, no offers to help, no persuasion, can induce either Monsieur or Madame Plumart to give up their respective situations; and George still continues to drive his miserly old Countess to every shop in Paris, while his wife Victorie still persists in dusting the rooms and frying the chops of the old Marquis, until something sure turns up out of all the fine promises held out by their protectors.

No one doubts the certain issue of the inquiry set on foot by the Marquis de G—, and already George and Victorie have become the lions of the Faubourg. The former, however, declares frankly that, come what may, he always will be his own coachman, at all events, and Victorie vows that nothing shall ever induce her to intrust the dusting of the great saloon at the Chateau des Rieux to any other hands than her own.

WHALE HUNT IN ORKNEY—CAPTURE OF SEVEN WHALES.—On the night of Tuesday, the 8th ult., about 10 o'clock, when very dark, with a pour-down rain, the villagers of St. Mary's Holm were surprised by a strange hubbub and noise in Holm Sound, the like of which they had never heard before. Nothing daunted, however, the villagers turned out to a man, mustering some ten boats, got afloat, four men on an average to each boat, and found a flock of "bottle noses," that had lost their reckoning, blowing off steam quite near the village. Battle was given immediately, and after a short but hot pursuit, and some bloody work, the whole flock of seventy whales was stranded a little east of the village, among rugged rocks, everything pitchy dark as could be. The carnage, the yelling, and noise that took place in the middle of that dismal night may be imagined, but not described. Pitchforks, grapes, scythe blades, and a few lances were got from the village, and any other lethal weapon that could do the slightest execution. It is a wonder that no accident happened, as the men had to fight from the boats, not being able to land on the slippery rocks, with deep holes betwixt them. The whales are large on the average, and in fine condition. They will likely fetch some £200 to the voracious villagers. [Scotch paper.

FACETIE.

MISTAKE CORRECTED.—An orator holding forth in favor of "woman, dear, divine woman," concludes thus: "Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife!" "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors; "a bad husband does."

A MISTAKE.—A doctor, on calling upon a gentleman who had been sometime ailing, put a fee into the patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man; he was not made sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill, and the patient getting better.

At the close of the examination of a medical man, who had been called upon to establish the incompetency of a deceased testator to make a will, the witness said he believed "all persons were subject to temporary fits of insanity."

"And when they are in them," said the judge, "are they aware of their state?"

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"They believe that all they do and say, even if nonsensical, to be perfectly right and proper."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the judge; "then here have I taken no less than thirteen pages of notes of your evidence, and after all you may be in a fit of temporary insanity, talking nonsense, and believing it to be true!"

Never was the French better translated into plain English than the story which is told of an old fashioned couple, who received a card of invitation to dinner from some much gayer folks than themselves. At the bottom of the card was the new R. S. V. P. This puzzled the worthy pair. It might puzzle us in these days, although most of us are a little better acquainted with the French—"Respondez s'il vous plait," (answer, if you please.) The old gentleman took a nap upon it, from which he was awakened by his helpmate, who said, after shrugging him up:

"Look! look! I have found it out. R. S. V. P. means—remember six very punctual."

Jones, at a meeting the other day, responded to a loud call, and took his place on the platform; but a big strapping fellow prevented him from speaking by persisting in crying out, in stentorian voice, "Jones! Jones!" This caused a little confusion, but after some difficulty in making himself heard, the chairman succeeded in stating that Mr. Jones, the gentleman honored by the call, was now about to address them.

"Oh, he is skivered!" replied the fellow; "he's the little rip that told me to call for Jones!"

One evening, when Mr. Hunt was speaking in the House of Commons, a certain member was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Mr. Hunt put his hand to his pocket, and after fumbling about for a few seconds, said, with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a lozange in his pocket for the benefit of the honorable member who appeared to be so distressed with a cough, but he could assure him he would provide some for him by the next night. His tormentor, from that moment, got rid of his cough, and it never returned, at least while Mr. Hunt was speaking.

Pipps will go any length to make a pun. The other day he called on his tailor to order a pair of blue-wool-never-mention-ems. He wanted them done in hurry.

"They'll be done, I'll promise you," was the reply.

"All right," said Pipps.

"Don't disappoint; now that I have a promise of breeches, don't let me have any breeches of promise."

A French marquis was riding out one day, when he passed an old priest trotting along contentedly on a quiet donkey.

"Ha, ha," exclaimed the marquis, "how goes the ass, good father?"

"On horseback, my son, on horseback," replied the priest.

In Cincinnati, recently, a Wisconsin cranberry dealer, who wished to get a check cashed, but had no one to vouch for his identity, exhibited his name inscribed upon that classic garment, his shirt, whereupon the banker was satisfied, and paid over the money, and Wisconsin went on his way rejoicing.

"Dear me, Mrs. Tims, where's your son Harry? I aint seen him this long time."

"Well, I'll tell yer, Mrs. Flukes; his father thought he'd have one o' the family what'd be smart, so he sent him off to get an epidemic education."

"Pray, don't attempt to darn your cobwebs," was Swift's advice to a gentleman of strong imagination and weak memory, who was laboriously explaining himself.

A captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to his owners that he had received but little damage, having only one of his hands wounded in the *engagement*.

"That motion is out of order," remarked the chairman of a political meeting to a rowdy who was raising his arm to throw a rotten egg at him.

The following motto is over the door of a recruiting rendezvous:

"LIST, LIST—O' LIST"—SHAKESPEARE.

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WOLF'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, if used two or three times a week, will restore and permanently secure to each such an ornament. Read the following judiciously. The writer of the first is the celebrated pianist, Thalberg:

Dr. Wood—Dear Sir: New York, April 19, 1853. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your obligations I am under for the entire restoration of my hair to its original color; about the time of my arrival in the United States, my hair turned gray, but upon the application of your "Hair Restorative" it soon recovered its original hue. I consider your Restorative a very wonderful invention, quite as valuable as well as agreeable. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"Drych" or Owyllion. THALBERG.

WELSH NEWSPAPER OFFICE, No. 13 NASSAU ST., April 12, 1853.

PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir: Some months or six weeks ago I received a bottle of your Hair Restorative, and gave it to my wife, who had been troubled with it for some time. She had been told that it would restore the gray hair to its original color, but to her, as well as my surprise, after a few weeks' trial, it has performed that effect. It has turned the gray hair to a dark brown, at the same time beautifying and thickening the hair. I strongly recommend it to all persons desirous of all persons in want of such a change of the hair.

CHARLES CARDEW, New York, July 10, 1857.

PROF. O. J. WOOD: With confidence do I recommend your Hair Restorative as being the most efficacious article I ever saw. Since using your Hair Restorative, my hair has grown dark, which were almost white, have gradually grown darker, and I now feel confident that a few more applications will restore them to their natural color. It has also relieved me of all dandruff and unpleasant itching, so common among persons who perspire freely.

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Chicago, Ill., May 1, 1857.

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THE IMMEDIATE
SALE SALE SALE SALE
SALE
SALE
SALE OF THE ENTIRE STOCK!

WE ARE
DESIRABLE
TO TURN OUR
CAPITAL OVER
ONCE A WEEK!
INSTEAD OF ONCE
IN 30 DAYS.

THE THE
THE THE
THE THE
THE THE

ONLY WAY WHICH THIS CAN
BE DONE IS TO
KEEP GOOD GOODS AS DO WE,
KEEP GOOD GOODS AS DO WE,
AND SELL THEM
AND SELL THEM
AND SELL THEM CHEAP

CHEAP
CHEAP
REASONABLE
REASONABLE
REASONABLE
AND
AND
AND
AND AT

!!!!!! TREMENDOUS LOW PRICES,
LOW PRICES,
LOW PRICES,
LOW PRICES,
LOW PRICES,
COLLARS 4 CENTS TO 87.
SETS CAMBRIC and MUSLIN VERY CHEAP.
LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS CHEAP!
HOSIERY and MITTS

In very variety,
To suit any customer.

LACE
GOODS

LACE EDGINGS

A YARD!
And very reasonable they are.

DRY GOODS!

A STORE FULL CHEAP!!!
A HOUSE
A HOUSE
A HOUSE
A HOUSE
A HOUSE
A HOUSE

BRIM, BRIM FULL
FULL
FULL
FULL OF
FLOWERS, GOOD STYLES, CHEAP!
FLOWERS, GOOD STYLES, CHEAP!
RIBBONS, GOOD STYLES, CHEAP!
RIBBONS, GOOD STYLES, CHEAP!
RIBBONS, GOOD STYLES, CHEAP!
RIBBONS, GOOD STYLES, CHEAP!
RIBBONS, GOOD STYLES, CHEAP!
RIBBONS, GOOD STYLES, CHEAP!

At R. H. MACY'S,
At R. H. MACY'S,
At R. H. MACY'S,
At R. H. MACY'S,
At R. H. MACY'S,

SIXTH
AVENUE,

FOURTEENTH STREET.

SIXTH AVENUE,

CORNER 14TH STREET AND
SIXTH AVENUE.

NEW YORK CITY.
NEW YORK CITY.
NEW YORK CITY.

R. H. MACY.

1st

DRY GOODS.

DONNELLY'S OLD STAND.
C. C. HOLMES & CO.,
307 Grand st., corner of Allen, New York,
Importers and Dealers in
SILKS, MERINOS, DELAINES and DRESS GOODS
of every description:
IRISH LINENS, TABLE LINENS, SHEETINGS,
NAPKINS, &c.,
Blankets, Quilts, Damasks, Draperies, and Housekeep-
ing Dry Goods generally.
CLOTHS, GASSIMERES, VELVETS, &c.,
Velvet, Tapestry, and Ingrain Carpeting, Druggists,
Oil Cloths, &c., Table Oil Cloths and Window
shades, Domestic Goods of all
descriptions.
All of which they offer for sale at Wholesale or
Retail, at the lowest market prices.

140 SIXTH AVENUE, BETWEEN
Tenth and Eleventh streets.
JOHN ELLIOTT & CO.,
Successors to
McCORMACK & SIMPSON.

We feel confidence in recommending this establishment as
the BEST and CHEAPEST IN THE CITY

To Ladies in quest of
REAL LACES & FRENCH EMBROIDERIES
Of the most rare and elaborate designs.

BONNET and TRIMMING RIBBONS
Of the latest styles.

Of Novelties in DRESS TRIMMINGS.
Of Novelties in DRESS BUTTONS & TASSELS.

Of Novelties in SILK CORDS and GIRLDES.
Of Novelties in GALLOONS and FRINGES.

Of the best brands in
BLK. and COLD VELVET RIBBONS.
Of any particular shade or style, new and fashionable in
DRESS CARPETS.

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice
ENGLISH HOSIERY,
Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 63 cents,
Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.
We have endeavored to make our stock of
SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible.
It contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,
Sewing Silks, Hooks and Eyes, Corals, Braids, Bindings,
Bobbins, Laces, Elastic, Whitebones, Combs and
Brushes, together with the thousand and one other
things usually classified here.

We refer specially to a magnificent line of
FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND
SETS,

Which we are offering this season, and have no doubt it
will be found the
BEST ASSORTED, MOST SELECT & CHEAP-
EST YET OFFERED.

Examine our RIBBONS and DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Examine our SMALL WARES and YANKEE NOTIONS.

Examine our HOSIERY and GLOVES.

Examine our REAL LACES.

Examine our FRENCH EMBROIDERED WARE.

Examine our SCOTCH BANDS and FLOUNCINGS.

Examine our EDGINGS and INSERTINGS.

Examine our ENTIRE STOCK.

We name our lowest prices first.

JOHN ELLIOTT & CO.,
No. 140 Sixth Avenue.

A CARD.—W. JACKSON, No. 551
Broadway, respectfully calls the attention of pur-
chasers of

MOURNING GOODS
to his extensive Spring Importations of Dress Goods, be-
ing the largest and most desirable ever submitted for in-
spection. The following are among the many lots re-
ceived per late steamer:

Handsome figured foulards by the yard.
Japanese Silks, a new article, very desirable.
Check and Striped Silks in every variety.
Black Maltese Cloths, 1 1/2 yards wide.
Black DeLaines and Challies without lustre.
Black Grenadines in every width and quality.
Black Grenadine Bergees, very handsome.
Crape Mareiz and Bushire Crape, new goods.
Treble width Spanish Crape, all wool, 1 1/2 and 2 yards
wide, beautiful texture, never before seen in this mar-
ket; also, some very choice English and French Poplins
for traveling and house dresses, &c., &c., together with a
most beautiful stock of Bonnets, Mantillas, Shawls, &c.
Ladies will please observe the name and number.

W. JACKSON,
Importer of Mourning Goods,
mh5 3m 551 Broadway, bet. Spring and Prince.

BLACK SILKS! BLACK SILKS!!
W. JACKSON, No. 551 Broadway,
has imported, and is now offering, at retail, the most
beautiful and desirable stock of

MOURNING BLACK SILKS
ever produced in this market, embracing every make
and width, from \$1 to \$5 per yard, and in prices we chal-
lenge competition. Call and examine.

Observe, W. JACKSON,
Importer of Mourning Goods,
mh19 3m 551 Broadway, bet. Spring and Prince.

WE CALL THE SPECIAL ATTENTION
OF FAMILIES
To the Extensive Dry Goods Establishment of
W. R. ROBERTS.

His stock of Dry Goods, Cloths, Shawls and Mantil-
les, are unequalled in the city.

He has also a very extensive assortment of House-
keeping Goods, such as Linens, Damasks, Quilts, Shirtings
and Sheetings, Towels, Diapers, Hosiery, Embroideries,
&c., &c.

As this stock is all purchased for cash, ladies will find
the price exceedingly low.

We would call particular attention to the balance of
an Importer's stock of real Marcellite Quilts, which
were purchased at fifty cents on the dollar.

mh9 6m W. R. ROBERTS, No. 202 Bowery.

WE HAVE OPENED OUR SPRING
Stock of RIBBONS and MILLINERY GOODS,
which are novel and elegant. We sell for cash only,
and offer great inducements.

KEEGAN & TERNAN,
No. 9 Warren street, next to Broadway.

DRY GOODS.

BRODIE'S MANTILLAS!
THE
GREATEST
DISPLAY
OF
LACE
MANTILLAS
EVER
MADE
IN THE
UNITED
STATES!
DEFYING ALL COMPETITION!

LADIES, CALL AND SEE!
No. 600 CANAL STREET and 479 BROADWAY.
mh 10

F. WILLIAMS & CO., LATE
PETER ROBERTS, No. 498 Broadway.
Have just opened an immense stock of
BLACK THREAD and FRENCH LACE VELS,
COFFEURS, BARRES and SHAWLS.
BLACK THREAD, GUIPURE and FRENCH LACES
all widths.

REAL VALENCIENNES LACES and EDGINGS,
from 10, per yard and upwards.
REAL POINT LACE COLLARS, \$4 50 and upwards.
Sets do, from \$18.

HONITON VALENCIENNES and MEDALLION
LACE COLLARS and SETS.
PARIS EMBROIDERED COLLARS, Sets and Hand-
kerchiefs.

With a splendid assortment of
FINE FRENCH BANDS, FLOUNCINGS, EDGINGS and IN-
sertions.

Just received from Auction,
AT EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES.
mh 8m

J. R. SAUNDERS,
Third Avenue, cor. Tenth street.
DRY GOODS.

CHARLES STREET & CO.,
No. 475 Broadway.
THE LARGEST CLOAK and SHAWL STORE IN
THE WORLD.

Ladies who are in request of either Shawls or Mantil-
las, will find in our establishment at all times a larger
assortment than can be seen elsewhere in the United
States. As a consequence of our great wholesale trade,
our stock is always new, and in Mantillas no style is
produced in Paris or London that has not its representa-
tive in our store. As a large trade is a necessity of
our business, our prices are correspondingly low.

CHARLES STREET & CO.,
No. 475 Broadway.

LADIES,
Look into
RODGERS' CHEAP DRY GOODS STORE.

RICHARDSON'S IRISH LINENS, DAM-
ASKS, &c.—Consumers of RICHARDSON'S LIN-
ENS, and those desirous of obtaining the GENUINE
GOODS, should see that the articles they purchase are
marked with the name of

RICHARDSON, SONS & OWDEN,
of the guarantee of the soundness and durability of the
Goods.

This caution is rendered essentially necessary as large
quantities of inferior and unbranded Linens are pre-
pared after season, and sealed with the name of RICH-
ARDSON, by Irish houses, who, regardless of the injury
done to the American consumer, and the loss to the
manufacturers of genuine Goods, will not readily aban-
don a business so profitable, while purchasers can be im-
posed on with Goods of a worthless character.

J. BULLOCKE & J. B. LOCKE, Agents,
No. 88 Church Street,
Between Barclay street and City Place.

LORD & TAYLOR,
255, 257, 259 and 261 GRAND STREET,
and 47 and 49 CATHERINE STREET.

For their large and attractive stock of
SPRING DRY GOODS of every description,
mh 19 At much BELOW REGULAR PRICES.

DRY GOODS.—LADIES, REMEMBER
when you want Dry Goods, go to the store of
W. G. CAMPBELL, No. 178 Third Avenue.
Foreign Goods imported by every steamer. Also under
Kid Gloves sold at this store. mh19 6m

HATS.
SPRING and SUMMER STYLES OF
HATS and CAPS
for
GENTS and CHILDREN.

In all their variety, unsurpassed by any.
An elegant assortment of
STRAW GOODS
for Misses and Children. Please examine.

KELOGG,
69 3m Manufacturer, No. 381 Canal street.

THOUSANDS ARE RUSHING TO
for his
DRAKE'S
WATER-PROOF
and
VENTILATING HATS.

mh 2 5m No. 9 Bowery.

CENTRAL PARK UNPAID ASSES-
MENTS.—NOTICE TO OWNERS OF PROP-
ERTY.—The owners of property assessed for Central
Park have hereby notified that the said assessments are
expected to be paid on or before May 6, 1880, with 7 per
cent interest from Feb. 6, 1880, the date of confirmation
by the Court, and unless said assessments are paid by
May 6 next, the assessment list will be sent to the
Clerk of the Court, where interest will be charged at
the rate of twelve per cent per annum from the date of
confirmation. The property assessed is embraced in the
following limits, viz: All those pieces of land situated
in the city of New York, bounded as described as follows, that
is to say: on the north by the centre line of blocks be-
tween 116th and 117th streets, on the south by the cen-
tre line of the blocks between Forty-first and Forty-
second streets, on the east by the centre line of the block
between Second and Third avenues, on the west by the
centre line of the blocks between Tenth and
Eleventh avenues; and also all those certain other lots,
pieces and parcels of land fronting on either side of
Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues and Broadway,
between Thirty-third and Forty-second streets, as laid out
on the map of the commissioners, on file in this office.

DANIEL DELANEY, Collector of Assessments
Collector's Office, No. 8 City Hall, basement.
mh19 10

INSURANCE.

IMPORTERS' AND TRADERS'
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
No. 212 Wall street, Bank of the Republic Building.
Capital.....\$200,000.

This Company insures property of all kinds against
loss or damage by fire, on as favorable terms as the per-
fectly security of the assured will allow.
BENJ. F. MANIERRE, President.
FRANK W. BALLARD, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.
BENJ. F. MANIERRE, President
WILSON G. HUNT, Of Wilson G. Hunt & Co.
LUCIUS HOPKINS, President of Importers' and Traders' Bank

ZEBULON S. FLY, Of Z. S. Fly & Co.
SAMUEL L. CONSTANT, Of Christy & Constant
JAMES B. KIRK, Of E. W. Tiers & Co.
JOHN M. WHITE, Of E. W. Tiers & Co.
DAVID H. GILDERLEEVE, No. 178 Pearl street
JULIUS A. MARSON, Of Foreign Salt Co.
RICHARD P. BRUFF, Of Bruff, Broder & Seaver
UNION ADAMS, 687 Broadway
GEORGE T. COBB, Vice-President Importers' and Traders' Bank

WILLIAM HULBERT, Of Wm. Hulbert & Co.
SABIEL RUMBLE, Of Sabiel Rumble & Co.
JOSEPH BROKAW, Of Brokaw, Butler & Co.
ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, 16 Wall street
HENRY J. HAY, 11 Broadway
EDWARD AUSTEN, Of Robert Colgate & Co.
JOHN GREENWOOD, Jr., Of Halsted, Haines & Co.
HENRY B. HYDE, Cashier Mutual Life Ins. Co.
SAMUEL CANTRELL, 818 Broadway
WILLIAM P. LYON, Of Wm. P. Lyon & Son
WILLIAM VAN NAME, 216 Broadway
DAVID JONES, 118 Sixth street
HORACE GREELEY, Of Horace Greeley & Co.
WILLIAM DOWD, Of Dowd, Baker & Co.
WILLIAM H. HALSTED, Jr., Of Halsted, Haines & Co.

JAMES W. NEWTON, Of Halsted, Haines & Co.
EPHRAIM B. PLACE, Of J. K. & E. B. Place.
WILLIAM C. CONNER, Of James Conner & Sons
SAMUEL L. LAWRENCE, Of S. L. Lawrence & Co.
LUTHER B. LAWRENCE, Of L. S. Lawrence & Co.
WILLIAM YOUNG, Of G. W. & W. Young.
D. WIGHT BARBOCK, Of Wm. W. Wight & Co.
WILLIAM P. LIBBY, Of S. S. & W. P. Libby.
CYRUS H. LOUREL, Of Francis & Lourel
WILLIAM VAN NAME, 216 Broadway
BENJ. LORDE, 263 Fourth street
THOMAS A. WILMUT, 625 Broadway.
GEORGE E. BUTLER, Of George Butler & Co.
ALEX. STUDDWELL, Of A. Studdwell & Co.
P. R. HENKEN, Of Henken & Fisher
JOHN CALHOUN, Of John Calhoun & Co.
CHARLES T. RODGERS, Of Crechore & Rodgers
HENRY J. ARMSTRONG, Of Henry J. Armstrong & Co.
BENJ. T. WELLES, Of Benj. T. Welles & Co.
ARNOLD ARNOLD, Of Arnold, Constable & Co.
PHILIP TILLINGHAST, Of Philip Tillinghast & Co.

THE HARMONY FIRE AND MARINE
Insurance Company of New York.
Office, 6 Broad street; after last May, 50 Wall street.)
Capital and Reserve Fund, \$1,000,000. Paid up, \$250,000.
The company is authorized to insure property, with unim-
paired capital and a handsome surplus.

DIRECTORS.
WILLIAM A. MULLER, President.
T. James Glover, M. S. Harmony, Jas. M. Motley,
P. B. Bell, R. M. De Puy, Wm. M. Craig,
Arthur Leary, Peter Morris, C. A. Brinquett,
John Garcia, Jas. Donnell, A. Van Rensselaer.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY.—Office, Bank of Commerce Build-
ing, No. 81 Nassau street, opposite the Post Office, New York.
Cash capital and accumulation.....\$750,000
Deposited with the Comptroller of the State for
the security of all policy holders.....\$100,000

Policies are issued for life or term of years, payable
at the death of the insured. Also, endowment policies,
payable on the party attaining a certain age. Annuities
granted on favorable terms, payments immediately or de-
ferred.

N. D. MORGAN, President.
C. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary.

EXCELSIOR FIRE INSURANCE CO.
CASH CAPITAL.....\$200,000
Office, No. 6 Broad street, New York. This Company
insures all kinds of buildings, household furniture, mer-
chandise, vessels in port, and other property, against loss
by fire. EUGENE PLUNKETT, President.
HENRY QUACKENBUSH, Secretary, 129 1/2

SPRING BEDS.
WRIGHT'S PATENT
SECTIONAL SPRING BED BOTTOM.
The cheapest and best article ever used.

Manufactured and sold by
WRIGHT'S
SPRING BED BOTTOM COMPANY,
Nos. 887, 889 and 391 First Avenue, N. Y.

Try it one month, and if you do not like it, return it,
and we will refund the price paid.
Thousands have been put up on these terms, and not
one has been asked for as yet.

Price, for a full-sized Bed, composed of 48 springs, \$10.
All other sizes at the same rate.
A liberal discount on large sales. 42 3m

FURNITURE.
CHANDLER'S BEDSTEADS, WITH
Cassids, Cottages, Bedsteads, Cribes, &c., in great va-
riety, and new styles; Mattresses of King, Ward-
robes, Bureaus, Children's Chairs, &c., cheap, at
No. 64 Broadway.

mh20 3m Second basement, above Blocker's lot.
IRON BEDSTEADS, IRON HAT RACKS,
Iron Store Stools—Stools put up in stores free of
charge. Circulars sent on request. Liberal terms to the
trade. mh19 10 JAMES SCOTT, 129 1/2 corner Canal street.

ORGANS.
ORGANS.—JARDINE & SON ORGAN
BUILDERS, No. 100 White street, New York.
REFERENCES.

Right Rev. Bishop Porter, Mobile.
Right Rev. Bishop Doane, Pittsburgh.
Right Rev. Bishop Gasbarrini, Burlington.
Right Rev. Bishop Bazan, Portland.
Right Rev. Bishop McClellan, Albany, &c., &c.

129 1/2

CHURCH ORGANS.—HENRY ERBEN,
Organ Manufacturer, keeps constantly on hand
CHURCH and PARLOR ORGANS.
For particulars as to size, price, &c., inquire at the
manufactory, 372 Centre street, New York. 201 1/2

all orders sent through Post-Office, or otherwise, will meet with prompt attention.

CARPETINGS.

CARPETING.
1859. 1859.
IMPORTATIONS OF NEW AND CHOICE PAT-
TERNS FOR SPRING SALES.

SMITH & LOUNSBURY.
No. 426 Broadway.
Are now prepared to exhibit their
NEW SPRING STYLES OF FOREIGN AND DO-
MESTIC CARPETING.

Comprising every description and grade, from the
RICHEST TO THE CHEAPEST FABRIC.
And embracing a great variety of new and elegant pat-
terns and shadings.

Our orders and contracts having been completed pre-
vious to the recent important advance in prices, we are
enabled to offer our stock at
PRICES MUCH LESS THAN MARKET RATES.

Among the stock will be found:

New Patterns MEDALLIONS, various sizes,
12s. to 14s. per yard.

New Patterns VELVET, best English makers,
10s. to 12s. per yard.

New Patterns TAPESTRY, best English makers,
7s. to 9s. per yard.

New Patterns BRUSSELS, best English makers,
5s. to 11s. per yard.

New Patterns THREE-PLY, foreign and domestic,
7s. to 9s. per yard.

New Patterns INGRAIN, foreign and domestic,
2s. to 1s. per yard.

English and American

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

Any required width, from
4s. to 10s. per yard.

With a choice assortment of all other articles connected
with the trade. Also,

WINDOW SHADES,

DEAPEY, LACE and

MUSLIN CURTAINS.

And TRIMMINGS of every kind to suit.

Our Upholstery Department is complete, and all or-
ders will be

EXECUTED WITH DISPATCH,

And satisfaction guaranteed.

SMITH & LOUNSBURY,
mh19 8m No. 426 Broadway, (near Grand Street).

CARPETS AT OLD PRICES.

Same as before the recent heavy advance.

ENTIRELY NEW SPRING PATTERNS.

J. Crossley & Son's Tapestry, (newest styles). \$1.00

Best English Velvets, (choicest patterns). 1.60

Lowell and Hartford Three-ply. 1.00

Superfine Ingrains. 70

Extra Ingrains. 45c

All-wool Ingrains, in great variety. 75

ALSO A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Oil Cloths, Hair Carpets, Druggists, Mats, Matting,

Rugs, Star Rods, &c., &c.

LORD & TAYLOR,

No. 235, 237, 239 and 261 Grand st.

ENGLISH CARPETING

IMPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE

CITY TRADE,

HIRAM ANDERSON,

No. 99 BOWERY.

Splendid Medallion Velvets, bordered.

Elegant Tapestry Velvets, Crossley's

make.

Royal Wilton Velvets, new styles.

Crossley's five-fringe Brussels Carpets.

A superior assortment of Church Car-

pets.

Imperial 8-ply Carpets, new styles.

Imperial Carpets of every variety.

Chaste and elegant Carpets for Altars.

Library, Dining-Room and Hall Carpets.

Superb Velvet and Brussels Carpet.

OIL CLOTHS

A splendid stock from 3 to 24 feet wide.

DRUGGETS

And English Felts from 1 to 4 yards wide.

HUGO,

Mosaic, Wilton, Axminster, Chenille and Tufted

MATTINGS.

Greenwich, Canton and Rope Matting and Mats.

Gold, Painted and Landscape Wilton Shades.

Velvet and Paris Cloth, Table and Piano Covers.

&c., &c.

At Extraordinary Low Prices!

SIGN OF GOLDEN EAGLE.

mh19 8m No. 99 Bowery.

CARPET AND OIL CLOTH

WAREHOUSE.

JOHN W. HEALY,

111 Bowery, near Grand Street, New York.

Importer, Jobber, and Retailer of

CARPETING, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, CANTON and

COCOA MATTING, and all other

The stock contained in this establishment embraces
every item pertaining to the Carpet Trade, from the
most exclusive foreign fabric to the lowest price domestic
article, and all goods sold are warranted as repre-
sented.

The Clergy, Churches, Convents and Charitable
Institutions will be furnished at Manufacturers' prices.
Orders executed with exactness and despatch, and goods
packed and shipped by express.

JOHN W. HEALY,
111 Bowery, New York.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 BOWERY,
NEW YORK.

Importer and Manufacturer of
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, DRUGGETS, MATTINGS, &c.
at wholesale and retail for the
The clergy, churches and public institutions, churches
and nurseries furnished at wholesale prices.
Experienced upholsterers always on hand, to execute
with neatness and despatch, all orders for churches,
altars, or private dwellings, either in town or country.
The name of DONNELLY—so well and favorably known
to the Catholic community of the United States—is a
sufficient guarantee that customers will be dealt with in a
fair, honorable, and upright manner.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,
98 Bowery, New York.

SELPHO'S PATENT ELASTIC
LEG AND HAND
Combines new and best improvements to all who
require them. Call or see
621 8m W.M. SELPH, No. 516 Broadway, N. Y.

CARPETING.

G. S. HUMPHREY & CO.,
No. 124 BROADWAY,
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Offer to the public one of the

LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCKS OF

CARPETINGS

To be found in this country, a part of which is

The ENTIRE STOCK of a large Importing House

declining business, which will be sold

AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE COST OF

IMPORTATION.

1,000 pieces

Brussels Carpeting, each piece..... 10c per yard.

Ingrain Carpeting (best quality)..... 10c per yard.

AT RETAIL.

FOR CASH ONLY.

CLOTHING.

TWIN TEMPLES OF FASHIONS.

SMITH BROTHERS,

(the Marble Store),

No. 122, 128 and 140 FULTON STREET.

Between Broadway and William street,
New York.

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,

ROBERT L. SMITH,

J. SMITH KIRK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The price is marked on all the goods in plain figures.

ODE.

Those mansions of marble, oh say if thou knowest

Or which the gay standard of Fashion's unfurled,

Where the welcome is warm and the prices are lowest,

And the clothes are the cheapest and best in the world!

If not—let us! To Smith Brothers betake you,

They best can assist you to bear out your plan,

For they either have got it or will speedily make you,

The best suit of clothes ever seen upon man.

SPRING STYLES OF CLOTHING.

For promenade and dress; for the workshop, the count-
ing-room and ball.

Including our new styles of

TIP TOPS FOR SPRING OVERCOATS,

THE OLIPHANT AND BLOOMER SACKS,

THE BISHOP FROCK,

SMITH'S OWN,

AND OUR WATER-PROOF DUSTER.

All of which are entirely new and made expressly for
our city trade.

OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT

Contains an immense stock of everything that is ne-
cessary to supply the demands of the rising generation.

The **PRICE OF EVERY ARTICLE IS MARKED,**

And from that price (being the lowest possible) there
can be

NO DEVIATION.

* Economy, durability and elegance. Good materi-
als, good style and good workmanship. Small profits,
quick returns, and cash for everything.*

The business maxim which SMITH BROTHERS' max-
imize.

BY THESE

They have acquired public favor and support;

AND BY PERSISTING IN THESE

They will maintain and extend that reputation.

mh19 8m

1859. 1859.

ROGERS & RAYMOND'S

SPRING FASHIONS

FOR

BOYS AND YOUTHS.

Large and Varied Stock.

One Price and No Deviation.

Our stock of Boys' Clothing for the present season is
attracting

FAMILY CUSTOM

from all quarters, for the following reasons: First, it
completes

VARIETY OF NEW STYLES

far more than any other in the city. Second, the materials hav-
ing been purchased before the late advance in Clothing
Fabrics, it can be

AFFORDED CHEAPER

than any other in the market. Third, every article is marked at its
lowest cash price; thus placing all buyers, whether
good judges of Clothing or not, on the same level.

THE WELL-KNOWN REPUTATION

of the firm, its immense business, and the system of
equity and fairness which have ever governed its deal-
ings.

SOLID GUARANTEES

of the sterling qualities of its Clothing, and of the reli-
ability of the statements put forth in its advertisements.

THE CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths, is amply stocked with
Spring Goods, and the Clothing furnished to order will
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